Is Nothing Sacred?

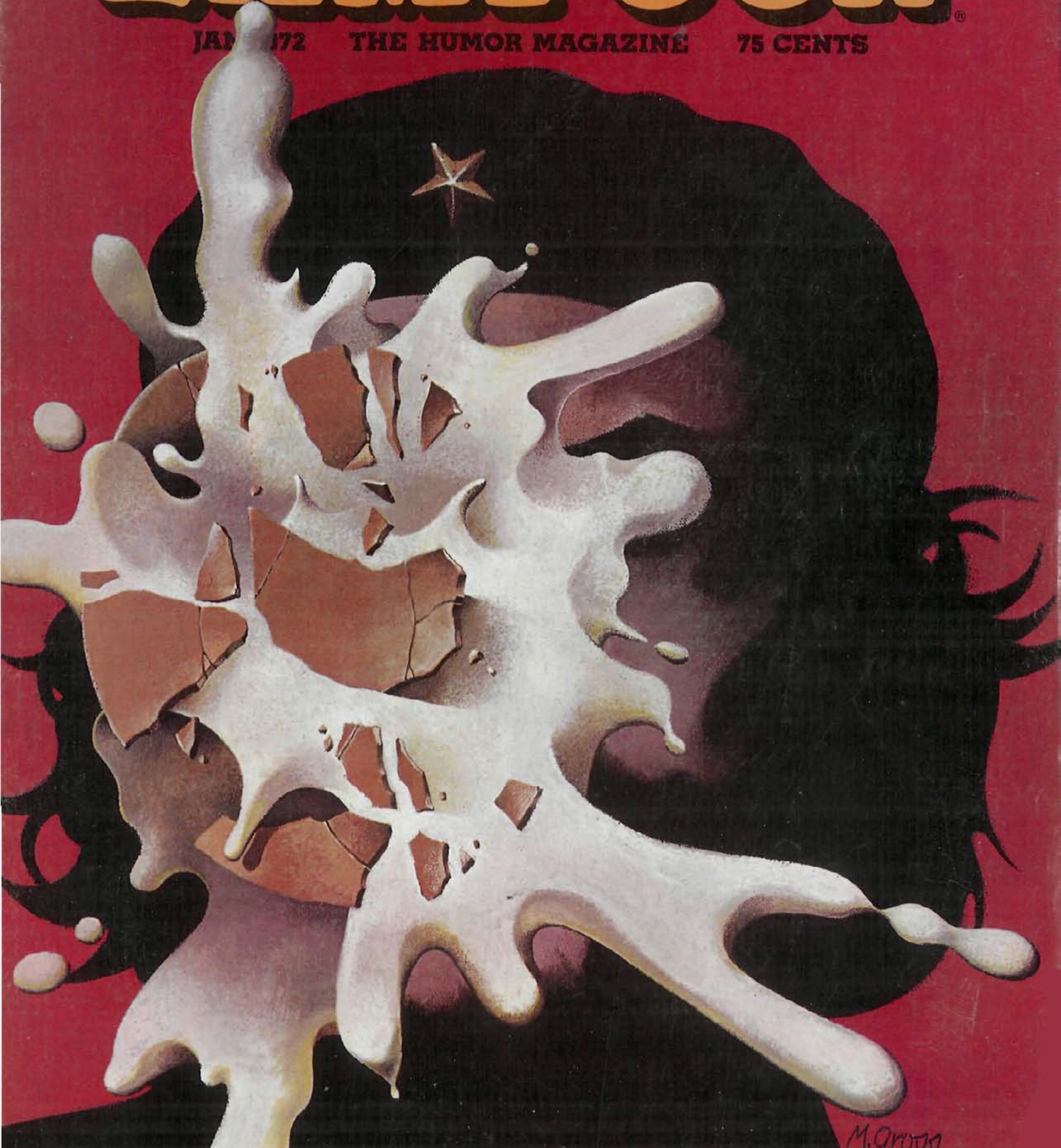
Son-o'-God Comics Dead-Kitten Calendar R.Crumb Rip-Off

Plus: Uncalled-For Attacks & Pointless Insults

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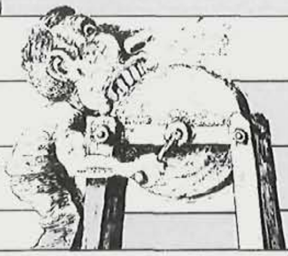
On Columbia and Epic Records and Tape.



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January, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 22







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EDITORIAL PAGE



To a generation that, when it sees starving babies on the screen, knows it's almost time for dinner, not much is sacred. All around us the idols, ikons, and cows of six thousand years of Indo-Aryan culture lie shattered, and daily another paragon goes down to ignominy (Kissinger, Richard Speck), another cherished tradition is lost (see *Esquire*'s stinging attack on cordovans). And now with Jim Morrison gone, there really isn't anyone left to look up to.

In these circumstances this issue hasn't been easy to put together. But finally, after months of search-and-kill by our ruthless and highly trained sacred team, the last few remaining holdouts have been tracked down and flushed out. And in the following pages we will do our best to bludgeon them unmercifully into oblivion.

Of course, the bounds of good taste have been scrupulously observed, and where they haven't you won't know about it. There were some things that took a lot of agonizing—an excerpt from Henry Miller's *Topic of Cancer*, for instance (". . . he grabbed the one remaining purple-green breast. Her lips fell on the pillow . . ."). We decided not to print a word of it, nor a hilarious cartoon that showed Mahatma Gandhi eating his own foot. Then there were many attacks and concepts too horrible to even name that we've excluded and entrusted for safekeeping to Daniel Ellsberg. Finally, for reasons of space we had to omit attacks on many people such as Ralph Nader, John XXIII, Melanie, Stuart Symington, Dag Hammarskjöld, Helen Hayes, Pete Seeger, Eleanor Roosevelt, Mary Baker Eddy, Patricia Neal, Peanuts, Jimmy Durante, Janis Joplin, and a whole bunch of other assholes.

But we've tried. Because the one thing that's sacred to us, immediately after our advertisers, is our readers, and cheap, unwarranted filth seems to be the thing you want. There are those at the office who feel that constructive humor might be a much better direction to take, but so far it doesn't seem to work. We tried running U Thant's one-liners on increased Malaysian rice-yield but you didn't go for it. We tried running Property Tax Reform Comix. Fell on its face. So here you are. Uncalled-for attacks and pointless insults.

And we're being very responsible about it. We realize that we may end up with a generation to whom nothing *is* sacred, not even the revolution. And it will all be blamed on us—the media. Media, it will be said, can turn your heart to stone. But we all know deep down that however disgusting and iconoclastic may be the things we read and see, the sight of one starving *real* child actually in front of us, its poor little stomach distended with hunger, its huge eyes turned appealingly upwards, would be too much for most of us. Although there are those who'd drive right on.

Either way it is possible that a society to whom nothing is sacred might just be a better one. And that may be the vision, dimly perceived but beautifully expressed, that one of our most famous and enduring leaders had when he sang:

Don't follow leaders,
Watch the parking meters.

The asshole.

Cover: This month's "grabber" is by Michael Gross, Art Director of the *National Lampoon*, or *Lampoon Nationale*, as it is known in the tiny town of Mal-de-Mér, France, where, as elsewhere in the fancy art-conscious European continent, mention of the name "Gross" will get you *les yeux morts* (blank stares). After graduating with honors from Brooklyn's prestigious Hudson River School, Michael spent an *anno* (worth about 4½ American months) in Mexico on the Olympic Design Committee, whose startling graphics were generally credited with sparing Mexico the troublesome crowds of spectators that have spoiled so many previous Olympiads. Prior to joining the *NatLamp* team, Mike worked at *Better Gums and Bicuspids*, *Bush and Shrub*, and the *American Journal of Institutional Food*. In his spare time he raises hackles and forges Monets.

Mea Culpa: In the December issue, the name of Walt Smith, coauthor (with Terry Catchpole) of "This is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers," was inadvertently omitted from the article heading. □

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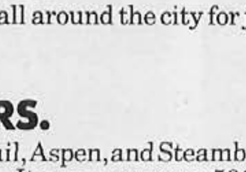
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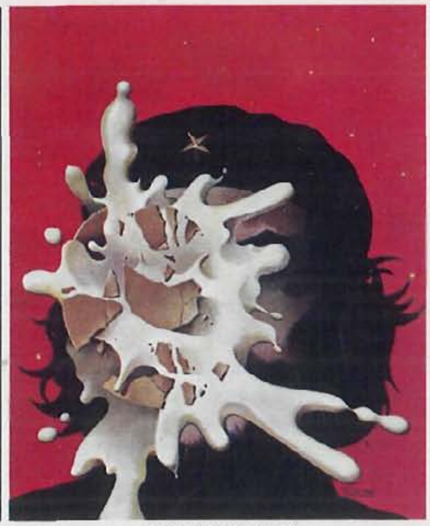
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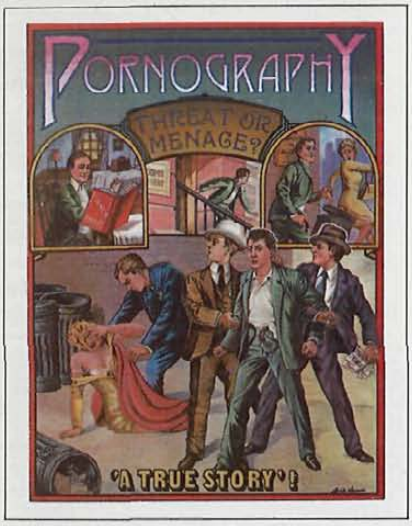
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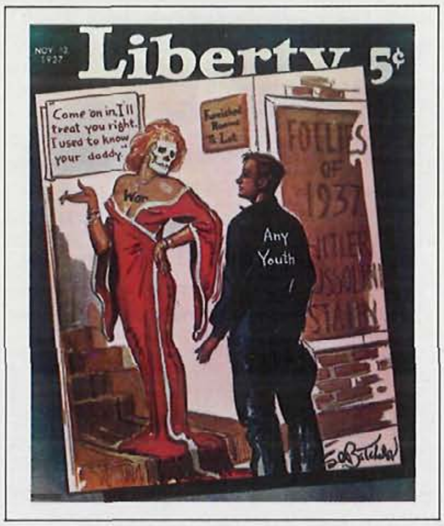
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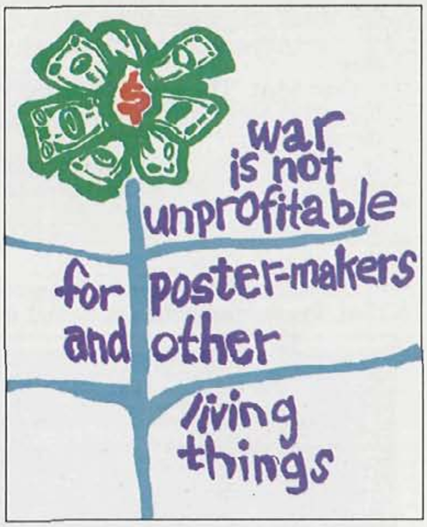
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Sirs:

Who do you people think you are, making fun of blind people? The sightless can perform most activities as well, or in some cases, better than the average looker. As you may notice, though blind since birth, I am able to type this letter to you without difficulty, the only difference being that I have a little trouble with my margins because sometimes I run out of paper without even realiz-

Sirs:

Gess what. The littel lite in the refrijerador *does* go off when you cloz the dor.

Stevie de Young
Mt. Auburn Cemetery
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Did you hear the one about Raymond Dart, the famous archeologist, and the French playwright Georges Feydeau?

"Hey Raymond," asked Feydeau, "gotta match?"

"Sure," riposted Dart, "your farce and my adze!"

Jean Genet

Sirs:

Did you hear the one about Nihat Erim, the Premier of Turkey,and Archbishop Iakovos, the Primate of the Greek Orthodox Church?

"Hey Iakovos," asked Erim, "gotta match?"

"Sure," returned Iakovos, "your fez and my apse."

Harry O'Nassis
Skyros, Greece

sirs:

what's so funny about a double amputee trying to type a letter/ just because they can't reach the shift key at the same time to make capitals doesn't mean they can't write good. the only thing you really have to look out for when you type with your nose is an occasional tg89km.dt! sneeze.

e. e. cummings
s. s. titanic

Sirs:

Where do you guys get off, writing jokes about epileptics? A lot of famous people have had epilepsy—I mean, even Caesar had seizures—and it's no joke trying to live a normal life, never knowing when the next convulsion will stri

Sirs:

The king wuz so plesed with his servent that he gave him a plover's eg the size of an emrald.

The Old Switcheroo
Penobscot, Maine

Sirs:

How about the one with Björn, the legendary Norse mariner, and Jack Kramer, the tennis champ?

"Hey Jack," said Björn, "gotta match?"

"Sure," replied Kramer, "your firth and my ace!"

Dr. Linus Spaulding
Hampton Court, Calif.

Sirs:

The nerve of you guys, picking on people just because they s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-stutter.

P. Pig
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Qvhfh, szevm'g clf zhhslovh tlg zmcgsrmt yvggvi gl wl drgs clfi grnv? (Hint: a=z, b=y, c=x, etc.)

Uncle Ted's Brainteasers
Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

Don't forget the witch who wanted to be burned instead of beheaded because

she'd rather have a hot stake than a cold chop.

Juan Corona
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter.

Smith Corona
Harrisburg, Penn.

Sirs:

Hey! I really like that joke of Michael O'Donoghue's that goes:

"Have any scars?"

"Sorry, I don't smoke."

(chuckle)
Corona-Corona
Havana, Cuba

Sirs:

As it turns out, it wasn't your mother-in-law that fell from the freight train near Cleveland, just a keg of ready-mixed pancake batter.

Better luck next time.

J. P. Donnally
Lake County Coroner
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

For sale: '71 Buick 4-dr. ww tires, pwr wndws, brks, htr & radio. Some water damage.

Car Owner
Chappaquiddick, Mass.

Ellen:

Look, I'm sick and tired of you leaving letters out of this column, so make sure that you don't cut anything this time just so Gross can toss in some faggot artwork. Omit my stuff once more, and you'll be out of here quicker than you can say "Help Wanted." I've got to stop writing and go see my folks in Jersey, so tell Henry to finish this column. I know I can always count on him in a pinch.

Sirs:





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NEWS OF THE MONTH



In a novel experiment arising out of a successful suit charging discriminatory employment practices and widespread patterns of defacto segregation, a precedent-setting-court-ordered enforced bussing plan began in Milwaukee last week. Under the plan, thirty-seven white employees of the Harwell Data Systems, Inc., of suburban Crystal Lake, Wisconsin, are being transported by bus 15.6 miles to the Midgit Car Wash Co. on Lake Street in Milwaukee's predominantly black Near North Side. At the same time, forty-one black employees of the car-washing concern are being bussed from their homes to Harwell's sophisticated hardware-assembly facility. The bussing, which affects about a third of each of the company's employees; was designed to achieve a racial balance in the two plants approximately reflecting that of the Greater Milwaukee area. Prior to the court decision, Harwell Data Systems was 99.6 percent white and the Midgit Car Wash was 94.8 percent black.

Although wives and children of the Harwell workers had expressed concern that their fathers might be subject to abuse, physical assaults, and a generally lower standard of employment opportunities, the desegregation plan, which had encountered fierce opposition when it was first announced, appeared to go smoothly. As the buses rolled on the first morning, only two of the thirty-seven white employees affected failed to appear, and a calm, "business as usual" atmosphere prevailed at both of the companies involved. A protest scheduled at the gates of Harwell's Crystal Lake plant was quiet and orderly and attracted less than a dozen people to the picket lines.

The dire predictions of confusion and chaos made earlier by a number of citizens groups in the Crystal Lake area have yet to materialize. The former programmers and systems engineers appear to be having about the same difficulty learning to operate buffers, soapers, and traction devices as the onetime car washers are having with the complex computers, but neither of the operations seems to have suffered any serious dislocations.

Both companies anticipated a period of adjustment and pledged their best efforts to make the program work. J. Tomlinson Brentwood, chief executive officer of Harwell, and Chester "Mutha" Charles, manager of Midgit, have arranged to meet regularly to discuss problems.

Several other cases involving bussing programs of a similar nature are pending in the southern Wisconsin area, including one which seeks to pair a lathemaking plant owned by the giant Larrabee Machine Tool Company with two pool halls, a shoeshine parlor, a maintenance service, and a chain of soul-food restaurants. And, in a parallel action, the outcome of which is being watched closely across the nation, a three-judge panel in southern Wisconsin is due to rule shortly on a suit to end the pattern of racial separation in Eau Claire and its suburbs, and there are early indications that it may order bussing of housewives to supermarkets, movies, and integrated bridge clubs.

A recent study by the Food and Drug Administration has revealed that over 90 percent of all alcoholics started with beer. The yellowish-colored carbonated beverage, which many groups have contended is harmless, contains up to 12 percent of ethanol (C_2H_5OH), the same active ingredient found in much larger amounts in hard drinks, and consumption in small quantities appears to produce mild equivalents of the euphoria, hallucinations, and mental dissociation characteristic of users of more powerful substances. According to the study, large doses of beer, or "brew," as it is usually referred to by habitual users, can lead to violent reactions, but ingestion of the amounts required is difficult without discomfort. The researchers failed

continued

continued

to discover a pattern of psychological dependence in users or a provable cause-effect link between the consumption of beer and addiction to stronger beverages, but cited "an atmosphere of experimentation, familiarity, and social acceptance" that favored the transition.

The breakdown several months ago of the negotiations with the Attica inmates and the ill feeling over Governor Rockefeller's use of what many on the inside felt were "scare tactics" has raised the possibility that New York may lose the prison franchise to another state. Prison officials are said to be "studying closely" an offer by California to build a new one-thousand-cell-capacity domed penitentiary for the institution on the site of Alcatraz, and a syndicate in Texas is reportedly in the running with a firm committment to construct an "Astropen" in Houston.

For the shopper who had the requisite self-restraint to refrain from purchasing coffee-table books at pre-Christmas prices equal to the national debt of a half dozen East African republics, the remaindered section of many bookstores now offer at their post-Christmas recycling prices a wide array of impressive bargains. Among them:

Graffiti from the Great Wall. The first in what is bound to be a wave of books on China and things Chinese following the visit by President Nixon to China, this appetizing tome contains over a thousand examples of Cheiu-hsin, the haiku-like scribbling on the masonry of the Great Wall, much of which dates back to the Wan Li period and earlier. Among the best of the "from-the-candle-of-the-mind-drippings" or "any of a group of bronze lantern-plates, especially the fonticule," as Cheiu-hsin has been variously translated, are "Tao made me a seeker after truth," attributed to Lao T'se; and the subscription, probably by a pupil, "If I give Tao some silk, will he make me one, too?" and the anonymous "The Lord Fang sucks one-thousand-year-old eggs."

Spa. In yet another of the real-life adventure stories that have made his name a household word, Thor Heyerdahl tells the gripping story of the trip he and a carload of international explorers took up the Palisades Parkway in a rented Cadillac with the top down to prove his theory that the Poconos were settled before the war by stand-up comedians from the Copa.

The Best of Scanlan's. A lush, indispensable anthology of some of the many blockbuster articles from the daring, if short-lived, publication that hit America like a bomb in the spring of 1970. The volume contains the famous exposés of luxury New York restaurants, which electrified the Third World; the complete controversial "Manual of Guerilla Tactics," including complete directions for turning an ordinary kitchen sink into an inexhaustible source of a potent liquid that can rust machinery, ruin government documents, and short-circuit computers; "How to Cheat at Clock Solitaire Without Getting Caught by C.I.A. Agents or Other Pigs"; the recipe for itching powder; and the formula for quick-drying cement. Also included are instructions on how, for example, by climbing to the top of a tall building, any militant can turn the book itself into a deadly weapon for guerilla warfare.

Battle Conches of the Chapultepecs. Relatively little is known about the Chapultepecs, a race of pre-Columbian clammers who lived on the shores of the Yucatan Peninsula until twenty-five minutes after the arrival of Pisarro, but what is known about them makes fascinating reading. Although their language consisted of only thirteen words, all of which meant "clam," and they regarded use of fire as proof of homosexual tendencies, they appear to have had enough technical sophistication to invent a remarkable kitchen aid that could apparently dice, slice, and julienne fruits, vegetables, almost anything, in just seconds. Their major art-form—and the subject of this lavish volume—was a form of seashell (Vincent Puglisi) which they decorated with pork strips, and, apparently totally unaware of the shells profound musical potential, used as clubs.

The Moon Stones: A Portfolio of Lunar Rocks from the Apollo Voyages. Proving once again that art and science often go hand in hand, this dazzling volume abounds with stunning full-color pictures of all of the epochal pieces of lunar material brought back thus far on the Apollo missions, including the famous large gray stone, the noted medium-sized rock with the funny-looking streaks, and the history-making oddly shaped pebble.

I Know Something You Don't Know. Author and personality Sidney Zion tells all in a highly informative little book that's bound to earn him some enemies. Among the secrets exposed are Jackie Onassis' maiden name, the identity of the mysterious occupant of Grant's Tomb, how many times around the world the cables of the George Washington Bridge would stretch if laid end to end, and the "unknown" stanzas of the National Anthem. □



THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

I have this radio show in San Francisco which I do under the name of Rumpleforeskin. I also have a water bed named Silly Power.

Once on my program I wondered aloud if people with water beds have any in-ritual that might serve as an equivalent to the way people in sports cars used to wave to each other passing in the street when Volkswagon was not yet such a total tribute to Nazi rehabilitation that it was still a matter of status to own one. And I suggested, to those listeners who owned water beds—since they would all be hearing me simultaneously—that at the count of three they could all slosh around in whatever style I chose to orchestrate.

There is, of course, enough polluted water around to fill innumerable water beds. But somewhere in Beverly Hills there is an individual who is wealthy enough to have filled one with only distilled water. A perfect example of a new concept in economics that must have Thorsten Veblen turning over in his Posturepedic coffin. Inspired by the implications of *In*conspicuous Consumption, I announced on the radio that I had filled my water bed entirely with Cream of Mushroom soup. To my surprise, a week later several dozen cartons of cans of soup were delivered to my door. I called up the public relations director at the Campbell's Company.

"Look," I said, "I can't accept your gift. The FCC is down on payola in whatever form."

"Never fear," came the reply. "That shipment is altogether contaminated by botulism. It had to be recalled anyway. We just decided not to waste the soup."

Thus reassured, I contacted a bunch of friends, and we had a can-opening party. We would pour the poisoned liquid into my bathtub, and whenever it became full, we would proceed to siphon the contents into my water bed. (The empty cans were brought to a recycling center.) I sleep better at night now, comforted by my own personal policy of containment.

After a while you begin to develop an actual relationship with your water bed. When you leave the room, you pat it gently and it squishes good-bye and continues to pump itself as though an invisible couple were screwing on it. I have installed a special accessory, a moaning device, which is activated simply by motion, so that I've become fully accustomed to the presence of a third partner with every intercourse. Even when I sleep alone, should I happen to turn over in the middle of the night, there is simultaneously this sensual-sounding *Ooooooohhh* that accompanies the act.

Yet all is not serene in the land of water beds. Reports have been filtering in, covering the spectrum of paranoia from impotence to death. Perhaps the most bizarre story was related to me by a friend named Kate:

"Well, me and my old man were balling on the water bed, and what happened was, you know how you can have one rhythm and your water bed can have another, and sometimes the two rhythms aren't precisely the same? Not only that, but sometimes, let's say you're on bottom, and you're on a downward thrust and your water bed is on an upward thrust. You have to be extremely careful to remain synchronized. Well, anyway, I was on the bottom and my legs were, you know, hanging over my old man's shoulders—position number fifty-five in the *Kama Sutra*, right?—and the thrust of the water bed made him involuntarily withdraw his cock from my cunt, and on the return thrust, with no warning—let alone no lubrication—the Goddamned water bed forced his whole hard-on into my ass. I mean it was just *jammed* right in there. Even a rapist might engage in *some* foreplay. Perhaps a little spit. But this was so painful I cried for forty-five minutes. . . ."

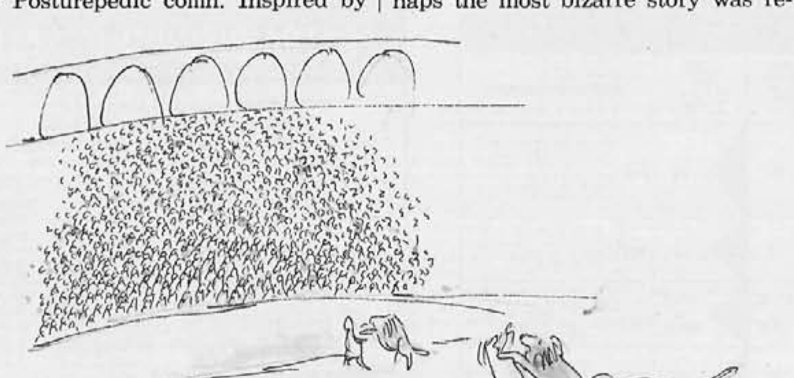
When I started doing my radio show, I vowed to myself that there was no sexual story that couldn't be translated into broadcastable terms. This one was a bit of a challenge, but I managed to communicate it to the listening audience through the use of terms like "Aperture A" and "Aperture B."

I'm not sure exactly what conclusion is to be drawn from all this except maybe that God didn't intend there should be water beds any more than He intended there should be fucking in the asshole, but nevertheless they exist as living risks of free will. That my friend Kate suffers still from a distended anus could, however, be easily interpreted by theologians as predeterminism in action. Not a conscious celestial retribution for defying Nature with vinyl, but rather, as summed up by the ultimate *I Ching* which Kate recently discovered in a Chinese fortune cookie: *Man can cure disease but not fate.* No wonder Communist China has finally been admitted to the United Nations.

As for the glee of delegates that so dismayed American officials, we can but turn to the message of a *Red* Chinese fortune cookie: *Rectum? It nearly killed 'em!*

An hour later, Kate and her old man were doing it again. One from aperture A, one from aperture B. . . . □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year) and author of* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*



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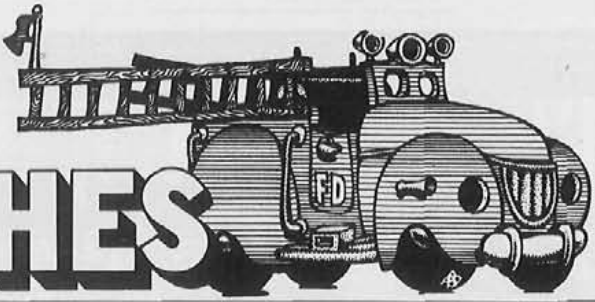
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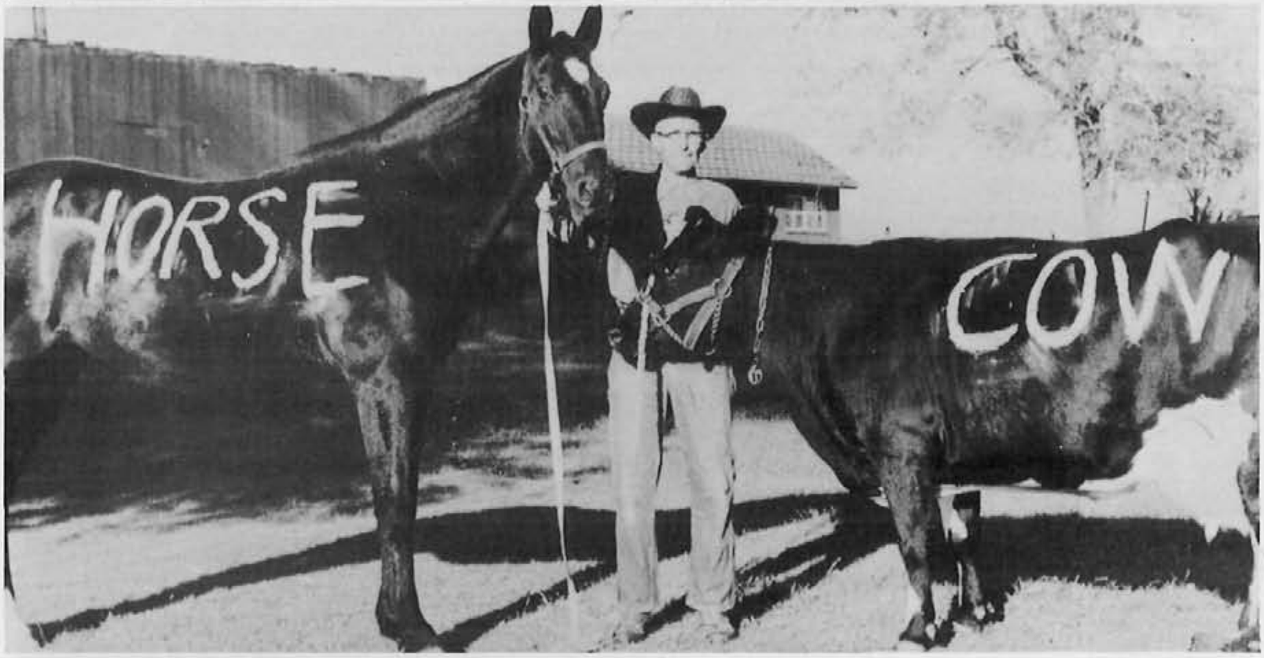
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HOT FLASHES



by Commander Barkfeather



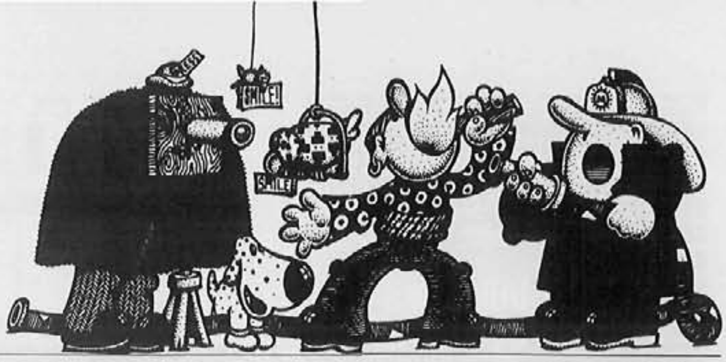
Thedford, Nebraska: Suffering from *jumentism,* the inability to distinguish among barnyard animals, farmer Lloyd Wessel has come up with the unique solution of actually painting the name of the animal in question on its side. When dealing with more than one animal, Lloyd breaks up the monotony with separate labels such as "Chicken," "Another Chicken," and "Yet Another Chicken."



Washington, D.C.: Never one to pass up a good joke, Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew flashes the old "rabbit ears" behind his daughter Susan during a recent interview. As the Veep later explained, "I just can't resist kidding around. Get Dick to tell you about the time I slipped a rubber cockroach into Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn's onion dip."



New York City, New York: "The Doublemint Twins are getting a new image," announces Doublemint Gum president, N. Nelson Forster. "We needed the human touch—something freaky the kids could identify with. Beyond just promoting our product, the campaign will point out the advantages of chewing gum over taking LSD, which might cause birth defects such as this."







San Francisco, California: Here's the latest masterpiece from the brush of famed artist Walter Keane. According to his press agent, the West Coast painter has taken an interest in the ever-growing Battered-Child Syndrome and plans a series of child-abuse studies which will include *Maimed Tots of Many Lands* and *Natalie Wood As a Child Run Over by a Station Wagon.*

Coral Gables, Florida: Suppressed for years, this photograph, smuggled by secret sources out of a restricted testing area where Naval scientists are studying marine-life speech, reveals that dolphins are, as often rumored, carnivorous. Shown here, an aging aquamaid is being thrown to the flesh-eating denizens of the deep, who stand on their tails shouting, "More food! More food!"



Cotuit, Massachusetts: In an ingenious attempt to bolster the failing cranberry industry, the Bay State Cranberry Association hired scores of attractive women to sit nude for five minutes in each barrel of cranberries prior to shipping. Backed with slogans such as "These berries are blushing red!" and "How'd you like to get into her bog?" sales rose noticeably until the Federal Drug Administration stepped in last week to halt the operation.



San Diego, California: It's out of the closets and into the chapel for actresses Joan Crawford and Miss Helen Hayes. "We've been mad about each other for years," explained the grand old lady of the American stage, "and when Joan popped the question last week, I said to myself, 'Fuck it! Why not?' " The two hope to be wed this November in a simple ceremony performed by the Reverend Troy Perry.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

JUNE, 1970/BLIGHT: With Sludge Magazine, Beauty Tips for Mutants, Our Threatened Nazis, Jean Shepherd's S.P.L.A.T., Mort Gerberg's Pollutionland, and Michael O'Donoghue's Extinction Game.

AUGUST, 1970/PARANOIA: What would America be like as a second-rate power? Read We're Only Number Two. Also, a Paranoia Map of the World, Is Nixon Dead? (well, is he?) and The Secret of San Clemente.

SEPTEMBER, 1970/SHOW BIZ: Get your mezzanine seats now for the MGM Blackmail Auction, Screen Slime Magazine, Raquel Welch Laid Bare, Diary of a New Left Starlet, and College Concert Comix!

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: A spin out on Memory Lane. Read reminiscences by Jean Shepherd; the 1896 Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; The Fifties: A Special Section; 1936: A Space Odyssey; and The Death Song Game.

DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Prepare now for the next ghastly hollydaze with Gahan Wilson's Xmas Horrors, The Santology Handbook, I Remember Jesus, and Tricia and the Prince Comics.

JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Combat the Pink Peril with the Women's Lib Naughty Pinup Calendar, the Anti-Sexist Children's Book, a special *Cosmopolitan* Parody, and the expurgated best seller . . . The Censorless Woman!

FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: Learn the mind-expanding powers of Kitty Litter in Michael O'Donoghue's Bummers, the *Natlamp* Special Stoned Section, Hermann Hesse's Siddhartha Classic Comic, Madison Avenue, Marijuana Packs, and the 1971 *Rolling Stone* parody ("Mozart, We'll Miss You!")!

MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: Tote that tome and lift that pinkie with Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, The Gracie Slick Handbook of Radical Dos & Don'ts, The Undiscovered Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, The Mantovani Strain, and The Life and Times of Captain Bringdown.

APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: Good God, Professor, it's . . . it's . . . Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls Adventure Magazine, The Philosopher Detective, The Great American Cereal Box, and free Booblegum Cards.

MAY, 1971/THE FUTURE: Hop into our steam-powered Time Trolley and stumble backward into the World of Tomorrow. You'll be delighted that you won't live to see: the Zero Gravity Sex Manual (*The NASA Sutra*), Time Warp Comics, the Special Pull-Out "If" Section, the 1906 *National Lampoon*, Attack of the 90-Foot Macrobes, and Toilets of the Extraterrestrials.

JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: Listen, it's getting to be a real pain in the ass coming up with kicky lead-ins to stuff like *Natlamp*'s Inferno, Magic Made E-Z, The Prophet by Kahlil Gibrish, I Dreamed I Was There In Overdose Heaven, and Buckminster Fuller-Charles Reich-Marshall McCluhan-Kate Millett Utopia Four Comix.

JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: Get it up, off, and out of your system with My Secret Life by David Eisenhower, The Breast Game, Dirty Dick & Jane, Filthy Sherlock Holmes, Are You a Homo? and Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?).

AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER: Have a bad trip without illegal substances with Defeat Comics, Welfare Monopoly, the Special Canadian Supplement, and *Right On!*, the flick Jane Fonda was making while you thought she was working for the revolution.

SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: Visit Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, meet high adventure with the Hardy Boys, laugh along with Children's Letters to the Gestapo, and test your wits with Commander Barkfeather's spicy rebuses.

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: Have a few "brews," gross out some chicks, "moon" a townie, barf in the quad, and read the *Mad* parody, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, and 125th Street, the educational TV show that teaches ghetto kids their place.

NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: Step into Ghost Editor Michael O'Donoghue's gas chamber of horrors and meet The Phantom of the Rock Opera, The Mammal That Suckled Its Young, Dragula—Queen of Darkness, Dr. Jekyll's Surgical Supply Catalogue, and X-Rated Foto Funnies.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: *Here's an issue you can stuff right up your stocking! And, mothers,* for those "Naughties" on your list, it's cheaper than coal and more of a letdown! Read Blind-Date Comics, The Sweetest Story Ever Told, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, and much less. Batteries not included.

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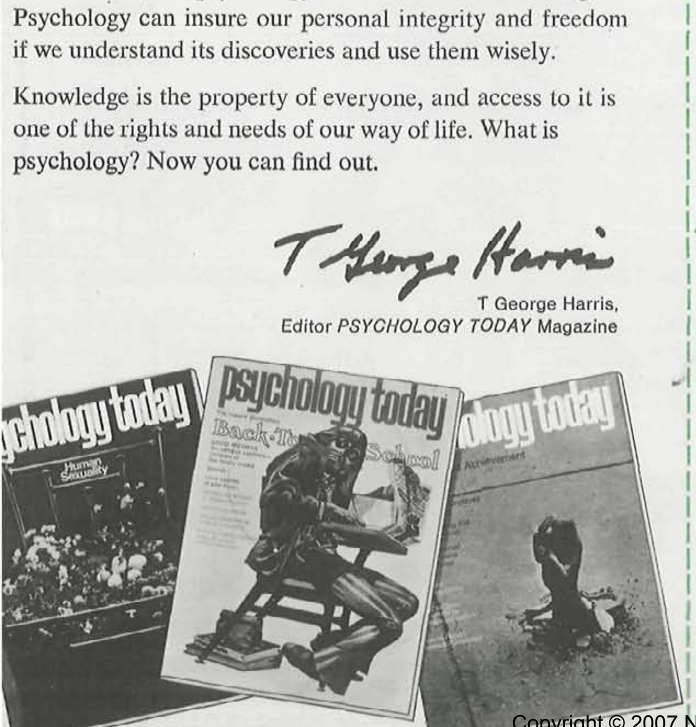
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MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Well, the things that have happened since last my pen did Procter and Gambol in your virginal pages could fill a novelveeta (that's a "training novel" for people who are still developing their "verbal bosoms,"as Mr. Cerf says, rest his soul! I wonder who's going to take over at the Famous Writers School? I hope it's that cute Rod Serling!). I just don't know where to begin, but my copy of *Writing Right* says it's important for the writer to say to the reader, in his own words of course, "Come on in, the writing's fine!" So here goes.

Call me Judy. When that October with his showers forsooth, the drought of August hath pierced from Hartford to Duluth, and small fowls sound just like Musak, and never seem to hit the sack (it's Nature's way—who would have thunk it?), then folks long to go on a junket (the trip, dear Diary, not the dessert). I guess I should tell you I sort of got a line on that opener from *The Cranberry Tales*, but Mr. Catton (he's sort of filling in at the School now, but I hope he doesn't get the nod for the top spot—he looks like that awful Nelson Rockefeller. Dick thinks he's awful, too, because Spiggy says every time Rockefeller comes to see him, Dick makes him salute him and stand at attention and do push-ups and empty the ashtrays). Oh, dear, another Deadly Digression! What I was saying was Mr. Catton says it's important to "look to the classics." By pure luck, Spiggy has all of them. He says Classic Comics are even better than the *Reader's Digest* because they get right to the meat of the story without fooling around. Which is what I'd better do, because if I don't get to the meat pretty soon, it'll probably get burnt! ("Lead with your laugh," as dear Mr. Cerf always said.)

What I'm really getting around to saying is that Spiggy and I just got back from our second honeymoon! Well, it wasn't really planned as a second honeymoon or anything, and it was an official trip, but I like to think of it that way. And let me tell you, it was a big dif between Luke's Lincoln Lodges on the VFW Highway in Annapolis, Maryland, and a royal tent in Persepolis, Iran!

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Dick called Spiggy up one night and said how would he like to go to Persia, and Spiggy said if that was another one of those cockaminny African countries, not much, and Dick said, no, it wasn't, it was Iran, and the Iranians weren't colored people. Sure, maybe they had a touch of the old tarbrush, like Italians, or maybe octoroons, but basically they were O.K. Anyway, Dick said they were having some kind of fandango like the Rose Bowl Parade to celebrate their Fourth of July, which they did in October on account of having a different calendar and no daylight saving time, and a lot of kings and prime ministers were going to be there, and it was bound to be some show, a sort of week-long half time.

Then Spiggy said if it was such a big deal, how come he wasn't going, and Dick said he hadn't gotten his shots or Pat was feeling punk, he couldn't remember which, and anyway if Spiggy agreed to go he could have Air Force One instead of the Cessna and he could go to Greece afterwards. That was kind of sly, because Dick knows how much Spiggy likes Greece because he's always talking about how they don't put up with Communism or heavy petting or anything. So Spiggy said, well, he'd think about it, and then Dick said Hugo Black was about to cash in and there'd be a seat on the Supreme Court open and what with Spiggy's PTA background, who knows? And Spiggy said he hadn't heard anything about Hugo Black being sick or anything, and Dick said he knew it for a fact because he had just been at a Justice Department reception and Black had eaten something that disagreed with him and was looking a little peaked the last thing he knew.

So Spiggy said he'd thought about it and he'd like to go, but could he visit his old hometown in Greece along the way, and Dick said, sure, but not to go off the deep end and dance around like Bozo the Greek to all those zithers and to be sure not to say anything about selling them all that gas. And Spiggy said he couldn't see what was so secret about selling gasoline to our allies, but he knew what the liberal press was like, and he'd keep his lip buttoned.

Well, it turned out this shebang was two days later—honestly, Dick can be so thoughtless sometimes—and we had to rush around like that nice Wally Hickel did the day Dick told him if he wasn't out of town by midnight, the next underground nuclear test would be on that island he owns in Alaska. I guess he didn't move fast enough, but we sure did. The first chance I had to catch my breath was on the plane, and it seemed like no sooner had I sat down than we were landing in Iran.

Well, right off the bat, Spiggy put his foot in it right up to the ankle. They had a whole lot of doormen waiting and one of them gave this big salute and said the limousine was ready to take us to Persepolis, and Spiggy said, was the Taj Mahal along the way or could we make a side trip and take it in now, sort of get it behind us while we were still fresh? And the head doorman said he was sorry, it was in India, and that was a little off the route, and Spiggy said he'd settle for a casbah or the Black Hole of Kohlrabi or one of those mosscues with a few spinnerets and stalactites, and the head doorman said there wasn't anything along the way except the humble dwellings of the happy people of Iran and the many civic improvements made for them by the Cha (I think that's what they call the King of Iran, although sometimes they say Cha 'n' Cha and it always sounds like they're sneezing when they say it, and at one of the dinners they announced him and Spiggy said "Gesundheit!" in a loud voice).

Then Spiggy said if he wanted to see a development he could take the Buick out on the Beltway any time and told them they could jolly well rustle up a helicopter and to make it snappy. They fussed a lot and said something about protocol, and Spiggy said, no thanks, he'd stick to alcohol, but he understood how since they were mausoleums they couldn't drink the real stuff. Anyway, the long and short of it was that they brought a helicopter and we flew out, and I must say I was glad Spiggy had made such a big thing of it, because everything we flew over looked like a big saltine. I told Spiggy he'd probably saved us a tiring ride, and he said the only way to handle these people was with a firm hand, and bob's your uncle.

From the air I could see that Persepolis is kind of run-down, and I couldn't imagine why they picked such a ratty place for Persia's bicentennial. I thought maybe they were doing urban-renewal work, but Spiggy said, no, he'd been reading this travel book and it was sort of like Williamsburg, Virginia, and I said, in a pig's eye it's like Williamsburg, every-

thing's all falling down and they don't have any girls in native costumes making bayberry candles or spinning nylon on wagon wheels or a gift shop or anything. So Spiggy said he guessed they didn't have the long green to do it up right, which was too bad, because if they put in a few rides, maybe some bump-em chariots and a fun house, or if they didn't even have enough for that, maybe sell a couple of the bigger pieces to that man in Arizona who bought the London Bridge, they could really turn it into something.

As soon as we got off the helicopter a man dressed up in some kind of fancy rig like the waiters wear at that Red Coach Grill over in Alexandria came up and said he'd take us to our tent, and Spiggy said, tent my foot, but I gave him a jab and he kept quiet. I figured he'd caused enough trouble for one day. As we went along, he said he knew Dick had had something up his sleeve and he'd bet dollars to Drake's Cakes that this was some kind of Boy Scout Jamboree and we'd have to sleep in a pup tent and piss in a pipe (Spiggy can get so smutty!).

But you should have seen the look on his face when we got to the tent! It was the size of the lobby of the Hotel Sonesta, and full of Oriental rugs, and baskets of fruit, and four bathrooms with gold faucets, and air-conditioners, and everything. Spiggy asked the Head Bellboy—there were at least a dozen of them—when check-out time was, and the man smiled and bowed and one of the other bellboys looked sort of peculiar and then said something to him in what sounded like pig Latin, and then he said something back in pig Latin, and the bellboy said, yes, it was a glorious time for Iran. Spiggy was puzzled but he was feeling bad about having gotten hot under the collar, so he let that go by and said he wanted to thank the manager for the fruit, and then there was more bowing and more pig Latin, and then the bellboy said, yes, the fruits of the Cha's management of the country were many. Spiggy figured this wasn't getting anywhere so he gave the Head Bellboy a big tip, and the other bellboy looked terrible, so he gave him one too, and then there was more pig Latin, and then the other bellboy said the premier was greatly honored to have been presented with such a handsome engraving of the great George Washington, our first President, and that he would treasure it always. Then they left, and, you know, they seemed a little put out, but foreigners are awful funny sometimes.

Well, to make a long story short, that night there was a dinner that even Spiggy admitted made the Elks look sick. I don't know what it all was, and a lot of it was underdone and there was some black goop I would have sent back if we were in a restaurant and everything was drowned in gravy, even the broccoli, and I'd rather have Shake 'n Bake or Roast 'n Boast any day, but still it was some feed, and Dick wasn't lying for once, because the place was crawling with kings wearing crowns just like in that margerine commercial. I sat next to the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, and I guess with a name like that he was probably Jewish, but he seemed very nice, and when I told him that I was sort of in a royal way myself, since my father had been a Grand Vizier 32nd-Degree Mason, he seemed to perk up. Actually, that was laying it on a little thick; he was really only a Provisional Druid 4th Class, and the only royalty I run into are King Korn trading stamps and the Princess telephone I used to have until John Mitchell made everybody get those TV phones, but I guess it was a "friendly fib," as Dick calls them.

Spiggy was sitting right next to the Prince of Liechtenstein—come to think of it, there were an awful lot of Jewish people there—and right across from him was the King of Sweden. Spiggy told me later he had complimented him—his name was Gustav so at least he was O.K.—for having such a wonderful country that could make such great wristwatches and cuckoo clocks and music boxes and pocket-knives. He also said he'd told him all his Sven Svendsen jokes, even the one where Sven finds the cow in his closet. I'll say one thing for Spiggy: he knows how to break the ice.

After dinner the Cha got up (he's really cute, kind of a cross between George C. Scott and Omar Sharif, and his wife is a knockout. Her name is Farah something, and I wonder if she comes from the Farah Slacks family?). Anyway the Cha said how we were all going to see Sonny Loomanier. I'd never heard of him, and I thought they'd have lined up someone big like Robert Goulet, but when we got outside, it turned out we had to sit in bleachers and watch a parade of people dressed up like Indians and foreigners. Spiggy nudged the Cha about halfway through and asked him to tell him when the Maryland float went by because he wanted to sort of shake hands or at least take a bow, but the Cha didn't seem to understand, because he never gave Spiggy the high sign and I could have sworn I saw one group go by that looked like the St. Francis Xavier Glockenspiel Marchers from Baltimore.

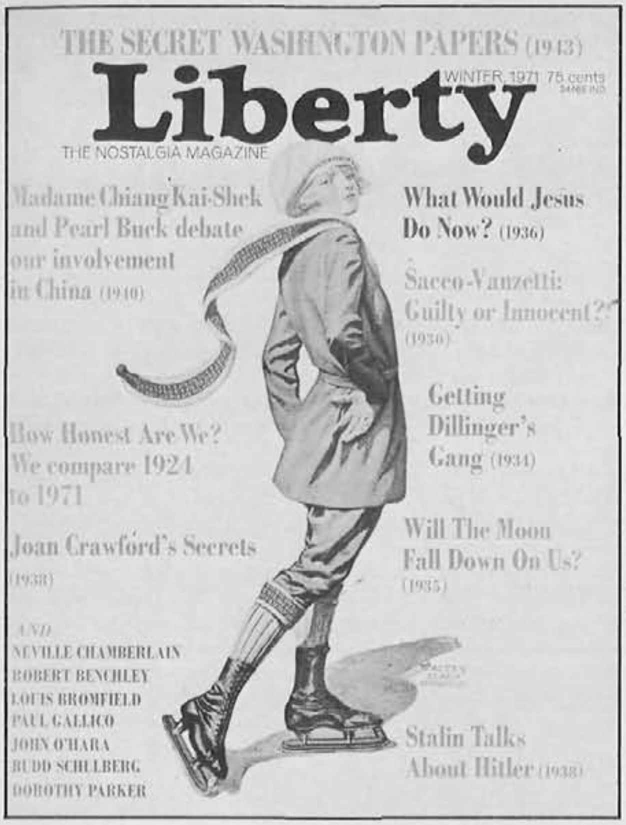
After it got really dark, they put a lot of lights on in all of those run-down buildings I told you about, and there was some loud music and a lot of shouting in pig Latin. I guess they have some local ordinance against fireworks and they had to sort of fudge it. Some of it was kind of creepy, like that Rod Serling's "Night Gallery" show (come to think of it, I don't see how he can miss getting the top spot at the School), but it was a little long, and I had to keep kicking Spiggy so he wouldn't doze off. When it was finally over, we just went right back to the tent and decided to call it a day.

When we got back, we found two packages in the living room. One of them had the cutest little Persian carpet in it with a little note that said: "In thanks for your so nice picture of Washington. I am sorry that it is not being a magic carpet, because then you could be flying away so very fast." The other had a beautiful set of stainless-steel steak knives Made in Sweden and a note that said: "I wish that I could have had the opportunity to present these to you one by one in person, signed, Gustav Adolph."

I guess that shows you that Spiggy knows how to handle foreigners. Well, I've run on too long, so I'll have to tell you about Greece next time. Bob's your uncle!

All for now,

Judy



A TIME TO READ ABOUT

If you've seen Elliott Gould's last thirty-four pictures (all produced during the last six months) and if you've enjoyed Lennon and Brautigan and Farina. If you're Consciousness III and are very much into America's Greening then ask yourself this, do you know anything about yesterday? If the answer is no and if you'd like to tune in on Shaw and Mencken and Dreiser and Greta Garbo and Bogart and Chaplin and Pickford and Fairbanks, if you'd like to read about old J. P. Kennedy's personal presidential ambitions back in the thirties, if you'd like to catch up on college morals in the twenties or some brilliant fiction of the twenties and thirties by Scott Fitzgerald and Gallico and Runyon and Hecht, then get with Liberty. It's a magazine that deals only with yesterday and it's a helluva time to read about.

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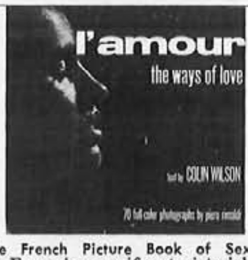
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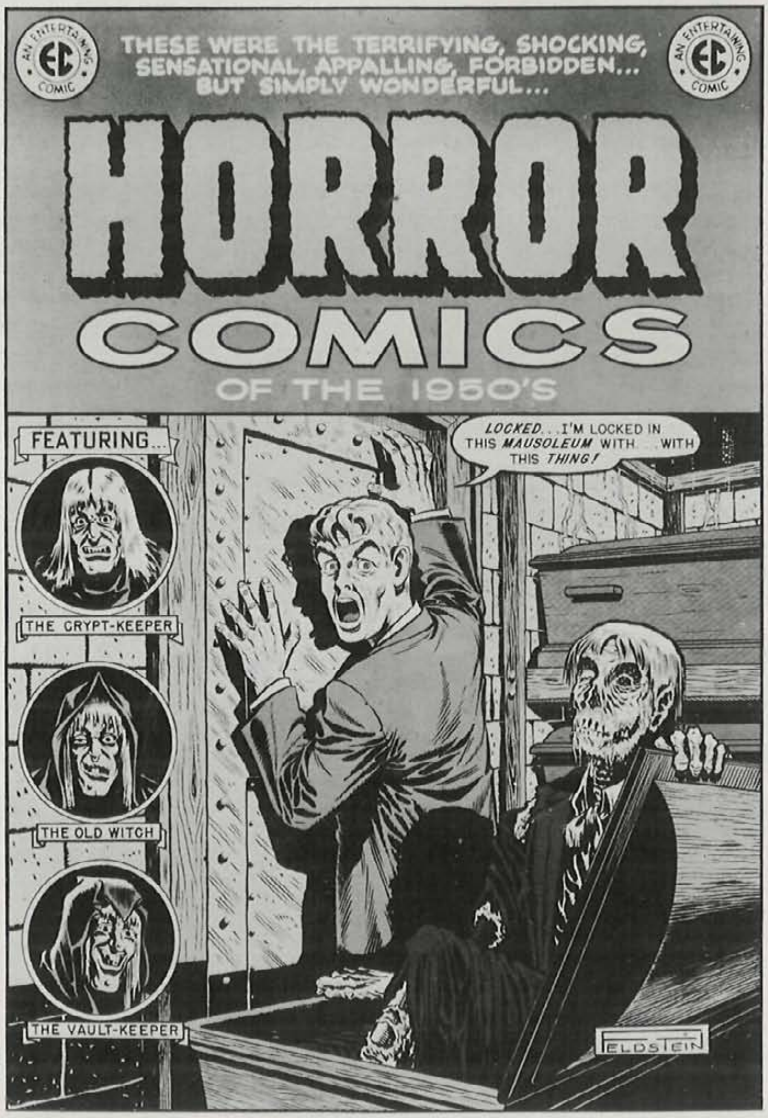
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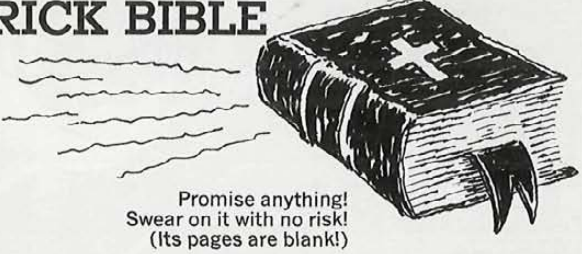
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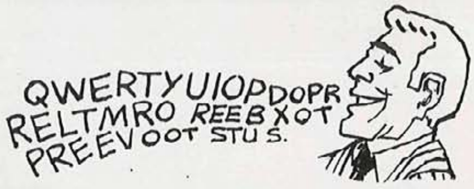


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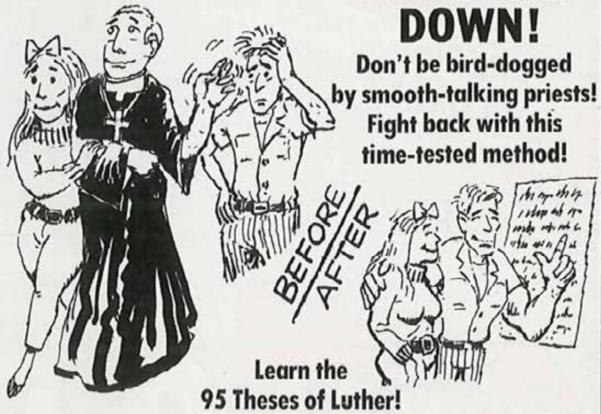
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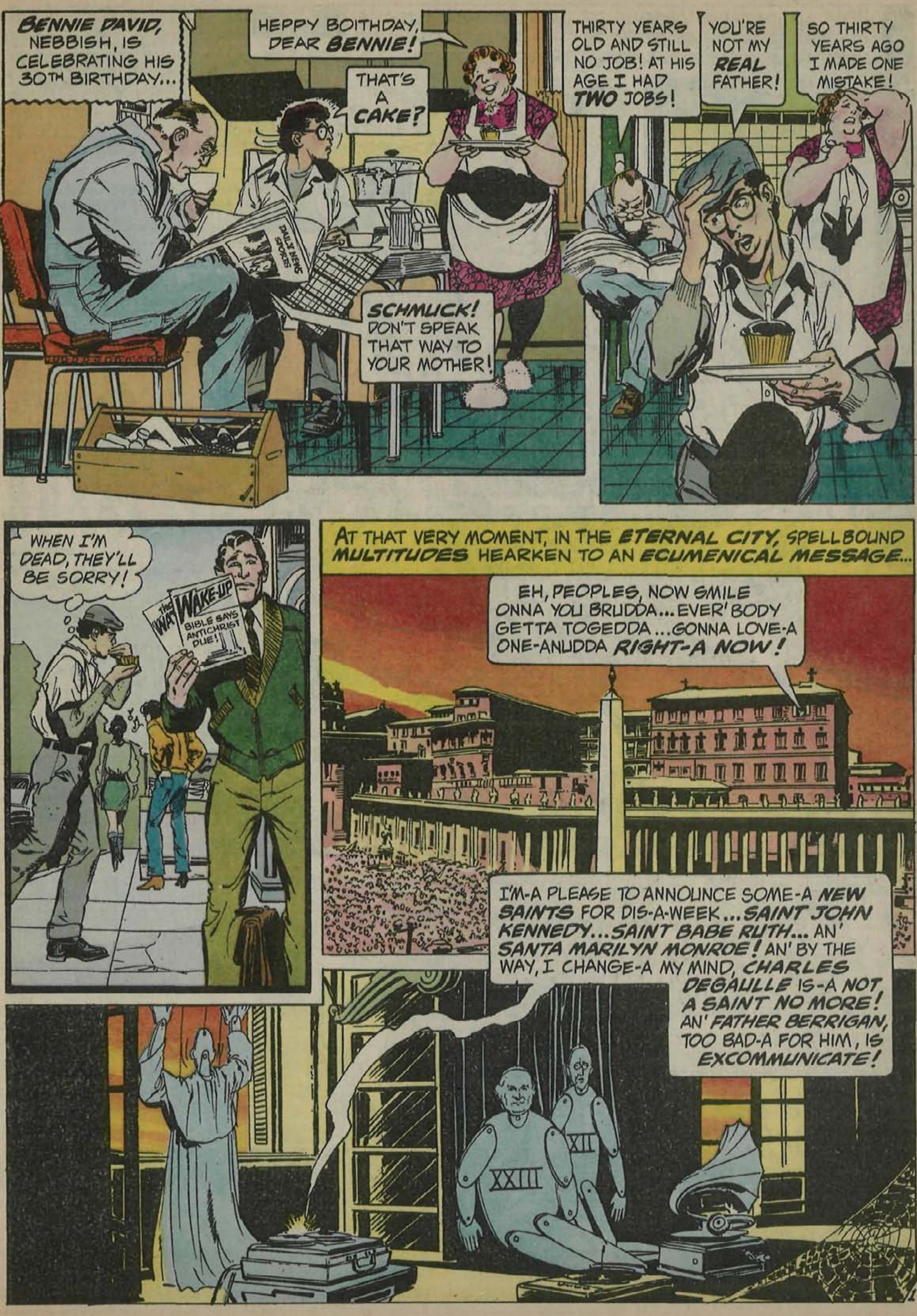
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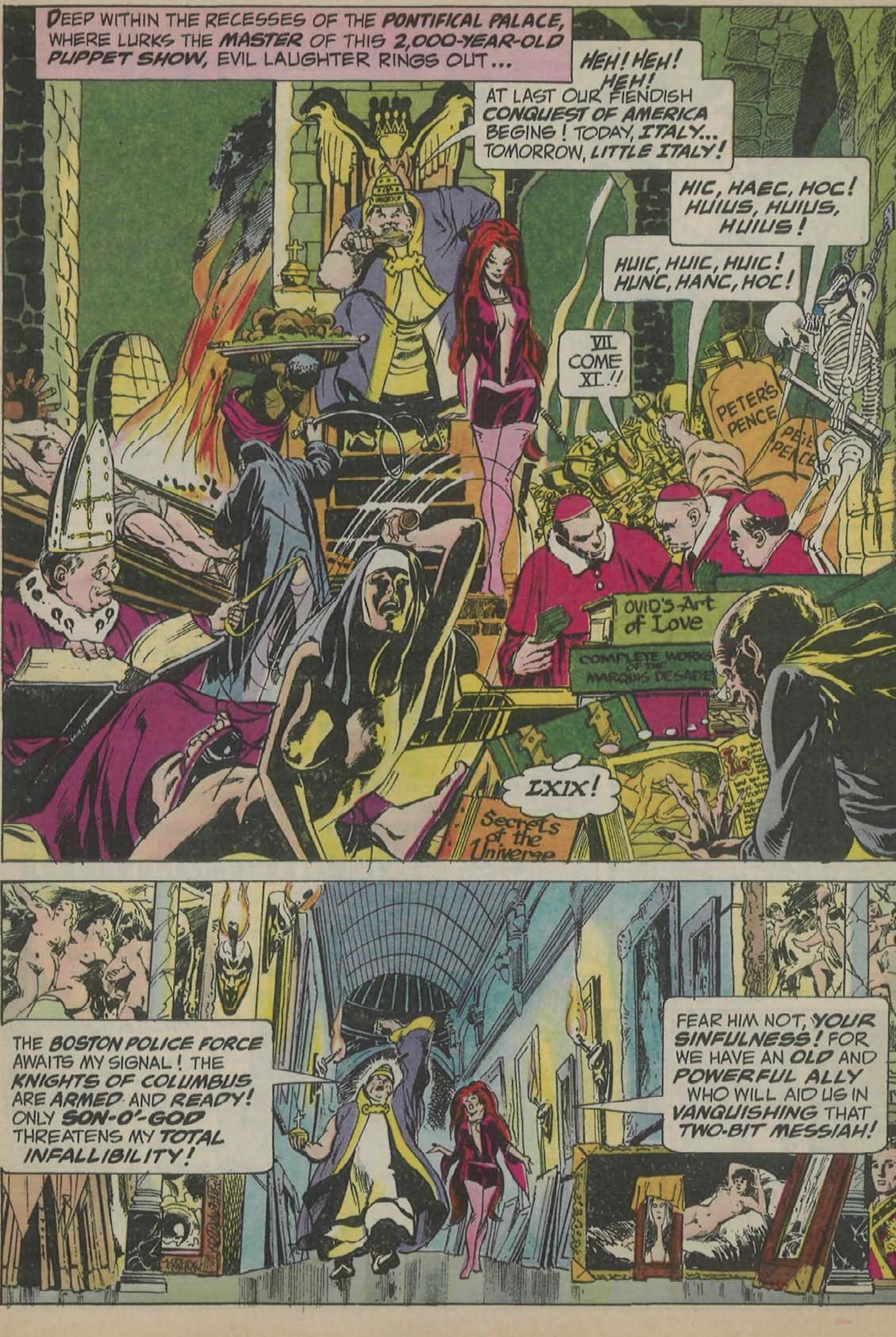
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BENNIE DAVID, NEBBISH, IS CELEBRATING HIS 30TH BIRTHDAY...
HEPPY BOITHDAY, DEAR BENNIE!
THAT'S A CAKE?
SCHMUCK! DON'T SPEAK THAT WAY TO YOUR MOTHER!
DAILY NEWS SPORTS
THIRTY YEARS OLD AND STILL NO JOB! AT HIS AGE I HAD TWO JOBS!
YOU'RE NOT MY REAL FATHER!
SO THIRTY YEARS AGO I MADE ONE MISTAKE!
WHEN I'M DEAD, THEY'LL BE SORRY!
WAKE-UP
BIBLE SAYS ANTICHRIST DUE!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE ETERNAL CITY, SPELLBOUND MULTITUDES HEARKEN TO AN ECUMENICAL MESSAGE...
EH, PEOPLES, NOW SMILE ONNA YOU BRUDDA... EVER' BODY GETTA TOGEDDA ...GONNA LOVE-A ONE-ANUDDA RIGHT-A NOW!
I'M-A PLEASE TO ANNOUNCE SOME-A NEW SAINTS FOR DIS-A-WEEK...SAINT JOHN KENNEDY...SAINT BABE RUTH... AN' SANTA MARILYN MONROE! AN' BY THE WAY, I CHANGE-A MY MIND, CHARLES DEGAULLE IS-A NOT A SAINT NO MORE! AN' FATHER BERRIGAN, TOO BAD-A FOR HIM, IS EXCOMMUNICATE!
XXIII
XII


DEEP WITHIN THE RECESSES OF THE PONTIFICAL PALACE, WHERE LURKS THE MASTER OF THIS 2,000-YEAR-OLD PUPPET SHOW, EVIL LAUGHTER RINGS OUT...
HEH! HEH! HEH!
AT LAST OUR FIENDISH CONQUEST OF AMERICA BEGINS! TODAY, ITALY... TOMORROW, LITTLE ITALY!
HIC, HAEC, HOC! HUIUS, HUIUS, HUIUS!
HUIC, HUIC, HUIC! HUNC, HANC, HOC!
VII COME XI!!
PETER'S PENCE
OVID'S Art of Love
COMPLETE WORKS OF THE MARQUIS DESADE
IXIX!
Secrets of the Universe
THE BOSTON POLICE FORCE AWAITS MY SIGNAL! THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ARE ARMED AND READY! ONLY SON-O'-GOD THREATENS MY TOTAL INFALLIBILITY!
FEAR HIM NOT, YOUR SINFULNESS! FOR WE HAVE AN OLD AND POWERFUL ALLY WHO WILL AID US IN VANQUISHING THAT TWO-BIT MESSIAH!


THE GRAND INQUISITOR!
BUT OF COURSE! WELCOME BACK, MY DEAR FRIEND!
AS YOU CAN SEE, EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS FOR OUR DIABOLICAL ASSAULT ON WHITE PROTESTANT DECENCY, DEMOCRACY, AND FAIR PLAY!
MOTHER MARY COMES TO ME, SPEAKING WORDS OF WISDOM LET IT BE... LET IT BE...
please remove your rubbers
OUR SUBTLE PROPAGANDA HAS ALREADY UNDERMINED THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE!
SOON SCIENCE AND PROGRESS WILL BE SNUFFED OUT, AND THE DARK AGES WILL BE BACK TO STAY!
3

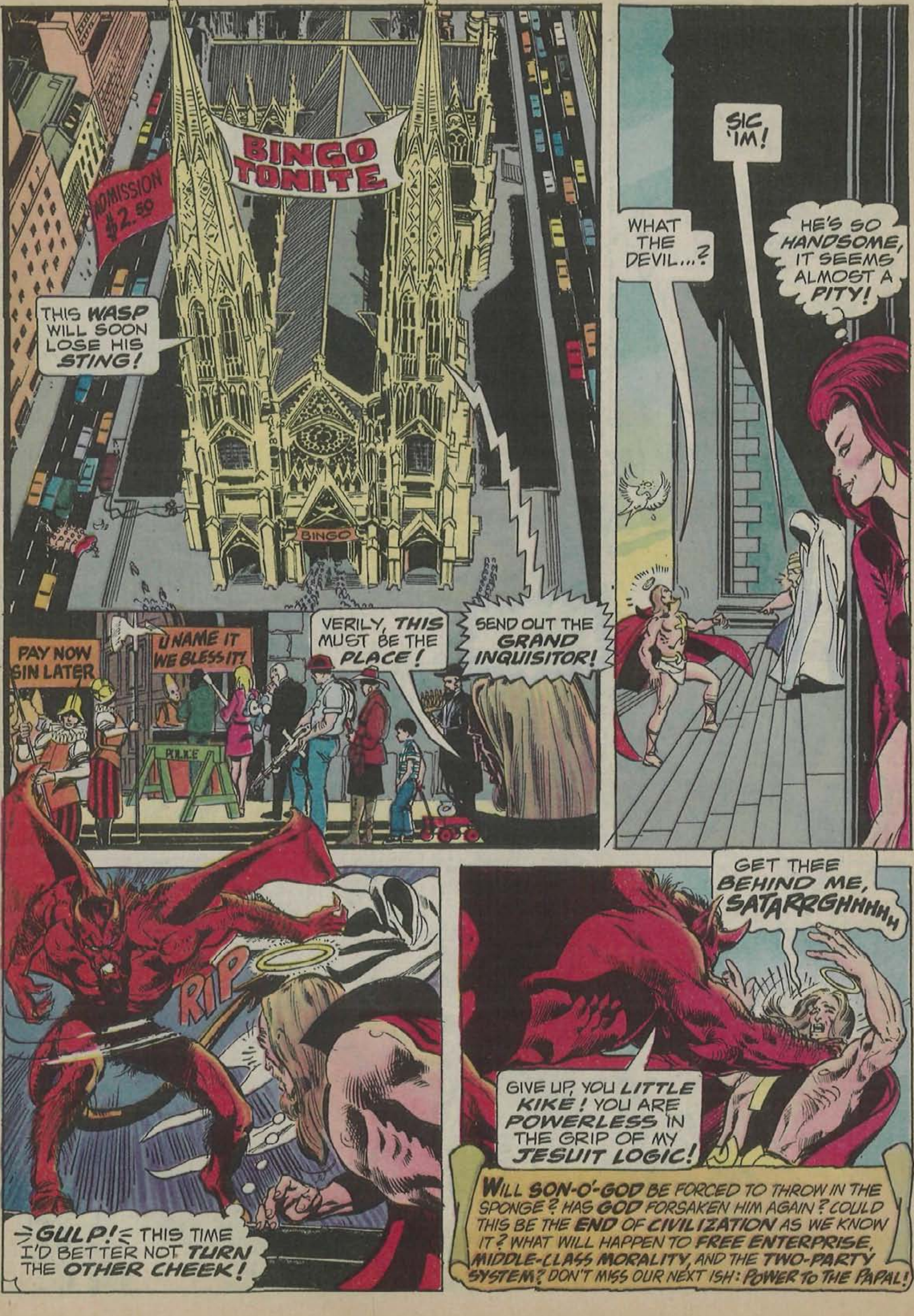

SOON... MUCH TOO SOON...
MY EMPIRE WILL TEEM WITH NEW SUBJECTS! RICH AND POWERFUL AMERICANS WILL FILL MY CATHEDRALS... AND MY COFFERS!
AND WHEN MY SECRET WEAPON, THE POPULATION BOMB, EXPLODES HERE, I WILL TRULY RULE THE WORLD!
MORE WINE, YOUR GREEDINESS?
UP FROM LIBERALISM
AND EVEN AS THE OMINOUS BIRD OF PRAY TOUCHES DOWN AT A PRIVATE RUNWAY HIDDEN IN THE ADIRONDACKS...
...A RASH OF FLASHY MIRACLES BREAKS OUT FROM CALIFORNIA TO WISCONSIN!
PLAY BALL! I'M CURED!
DON'T SHOOT, SVEN! YOU'LL FRIGHTEN THE COWS!
MIDDLE AMERICA CANNOT RESIST THE LURES OF THE CHURCH!
MADGE, DID YOU GET THE FREE BINGO CARDS?
YES, AND EXCITING GIFT CATA-LOGUES, TOO!
LET'S ALL TURN CATHOLIC TODAY!
UNSUSPECTING HIPPIES ARE EASILY IMPRESSED BY THE SILVER-TONGUED EMISSARIES OF ANTICHRIST!
BEADS! INCENSE! LUCKY RELICS!
SYMBOLIC MEDALLIONS! FREAKY VESTMENTS!
WHO'S YOUR PATRON SAINT?
SAINT BARTHOLOMEW!
GROOVY! MINE'S SAINT JEROME!
TOO MUCH!
KYRIE ELEISON! CHRISTE ELEISON!
FAR OUT!
4



THE REINS OF POWER ARE DELIVERED INTO THE HANDS OF THE UNHOLY ROMAN EMPIRE!
YOU WANNA LOOK AT THE BOOKS NOW OR LATER, YOUR GRACE?
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WEARING... ARPEGE?
NO! HOLY WATER!
I DON'T MIND LOSING IF IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE!
...SO I LIT TWO CANDLES TO THE VIRGIN, AND TO-NIGHT HE ASKS ME TO GO TO PALM SPRINGS WITH HIM!
DRAB QUAKERS ARE SEDUCED BY THE PAGEANTRY OF ROME!
YOUR HONOR, I'D LIKE TO CONFESS MY SINS AND SOME STATE SECRETS AS WELL!
HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO DECORATE THE EMBASSY?
PUT THE ALTAR WHERE THE ROSE GARDEN IS NOW!
WONDER WHAT I'D LOOK LIKE IN A HAT LIKE THAT?
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE!
WALL STREET FALLS UNDER THE SPELL OF ANTICHRIST'S FINANCIAL WIZARDS!
ENOVID DOWN 20, ST. JOSEPH'S BABY ASPIRIN UP 25!
SELL TEXAS, BUY MARYLAND!
MY POWER IS ON THE RISE!
KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF, YOUR HORNINESS!
QUOTE A THOUSAND DAYS' INDULGENCE!
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS WINE, BID 72 ASKED 81!


AND NOW, LIVE FROM ST. PAT'S, A POTPOURRI OF POPERY, WITH MYRON COHEN AND THE VATI-CAN-CAN DANCERS!
MYRON COHEN!! IS NOTHING SACRED??
CREAM SODA
JEE-ZUZ!
BENNIE DAVID TAKES THE NAME, BUT NOT IN VAIN...
AND THE LITTLE BROOKLYN NUDNIK IS TRANSFIGURED!
THIS IS A JOB FOR SON-O'-GOD!!
SHA
BOOM
J.C.
COMMIE PEACE CREEP!
HEY, FRUIT! GET A HAIRCUT!
ECCH, HOMO!
FORGIVE THEM, FATHER, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!
6


THE GUYS WILL WANT TO BE IN ON THIS!
OKAY, H.G.! GET THE TWELVE APOSTLES!
FETCH!
THE DIVINE DOVE WASTES NO TIME...
ZIP!
YMHA
HEY, FELLAS, IT'S H.G.!
TIC TIC
...SON-O'-GOD MUST NEED US!
LET'S GO!
IT'S MARK'S TURN TO PUT AWAY THE BASKETBALLS!
LET THE AIR OUT SO NO ONE'LL STEAL 'EM!
MOVED BY THE HOLY SPIRIT, THE FAITHFUL DISCIPLES RUSH TO JOIN THEIR LEADER!
TRUE SALVATION CAN'T BE BOUGHT! TWELVE APOSTLES THAT'S A LOT!
SO! HE COMES! THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAVE AWAITED!
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE HOLY SEE... THE HOLY SEE... THE HOLY SEE...


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THIS WASP WILL SOON LOSE HIS STING!
BINGO
PAY NOW SIN LATER
U NAME IT WE BLESS IT!
POLICE
VERILY, THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!
SEND OUT THE GRAND INQUISITOR!
SIC 'IM!
WHAT THE DEVIL...?
HE'S SO HANDSOME, IT SEEMS ALMOST A PITY!
RIP
GULP! THIS TIME I'D BETTER NOT TURN THE OTHER CHEEK!
GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATARRGHHHHH
GIVE UP, YOU LITTLE KIKE! YOU ARE POWERLESS IN THE GRIP OF MY JESUIT LOGIC!
WILL SON-O'-GOD BE FORCED TO THROW IN THE SPONGE? HAS GOD FORSAKEN HIM AGAIN? COULD THIS BE THE END OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO FREE ENTERPRISE, MIDDLE-CLASS MORALITY, AND THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM? DON'T MISS OUR NEXT ISH: POWER TO THE PAPAL!



Dear Editor:

For a moment there you had me worried. When, in "The Needle's Eye" (S.O.G. #130), Our Hero told the rich man to give all his hard-earned money away to the poor, I was thrown for a loop. I confess I even thought some Commie had infiltrated your staff and caught you all napping!

Then, on page 12, panel 6, it turned out that SON-O'-GOD knew all along that the rich man was dying of leukemia and had no use for his money anyway. Whew! Did I breathe a sigh of relief! My faith was restored!

Now I'm blushing, because I should have known all along that you wouldn't stray from the straight and narrow.

Yours in Christ,
Stan Spooner,
Toronto, Canada.

Just trying to make sure you stay on your toes. Wish everyone was as honest about their mistakes as you are. Keep the faith, friend! Amen!

Dearly Beloved,

Hey, first of all let me say that I'm a great devotee of your publication, and I've been following the adventures of SON-O'-GOD faithfully for almost 5 years. So it's too bad that my first fan letter is to point out an error—but I think I found a mote in your eye in your last ish (#134).

On page 15, panel 3, Buddha says to SON-O'-GOD, "Christian dog! I make you solly you evah move that stone and leturn flom dead!" Well, I looked it up in my back copies, and lo and behold it was the Angels, not SON-O'-GOD, who rolled back the stone! If you don't believe me, look at issue #56, page 19, panel 4, and see for yourself!

What about it, guys? And keep up the good works!

Richard Tate
Berkeley, Calif.

Woe unto you, Richard, who have eyes to see and will not see! Better that you should pluck out your eye or remove the beam from it at least. Of course Buddha made a doctrinal error. He's a Pagan!

Dear Editor,

Human nature being what it is, I bet you'll get a lot of complaints about your new policy of attacking the problems of today head on!! But before the gripes roll in, here's one regular reader who wants to say, keep it up!

Frankly, I vastly prefer this new realism kick you're on to the old-style adventures, like SON-O'-GOD chasing the money-lenders out of the Temple (#22). Reality beats fantasy every time (for me, at least)!

How about having SON-O'-GOD tackle the Middle East conflict? He could go home again, and teach those Jews and Moslems to resolve their differences in a truly Christian manner. What say you?

Clyde Donstatter
Methodist Mission Outpost
Madrid, Spain.

We say Amen! And thanks for the idea. Don't be surprised if S.O.G. shows up for another forty days in the desert again real soon.

Dear Fellow Believers,

Don't get me wrong, fellas. H. G. is fine by me. But whatever happened to that gutsy little lamb who used to follow SON-O'-GOD everywhere? If I'm not mistaken, the last time we saw him was when SON-O'-GOD and the Jesus Freaks were battling against the Hare Krishna movement. The comic ended with the Evil Swami, who hadn't tasted meat in two years, trying to barbecue the poor beastie!

In the next ish, SON-O'-GOD saved the day (natch!), but we never found out *what became of our Fluffy Friend. In fact, we've never seen hide nor hair of him* again. Wha' happen?

Don't give up the Ghost, but bring back the Woolly Wonder! Please!

Jim Halverson
Brooklyn, New York.

Do we feel sheepish! You're not the only one who noticed this, Jim. We *forgot to mention that the Fearless Fourfooter took it on the lam after* biting the Swami and a couple of his scrawny followers where it would do them the most good. After the ish in question, our writer-illustrator team decided to put the Lamb out to pasture. But if we get many more letters like yours, chances are he'll be back before you can count to ten!



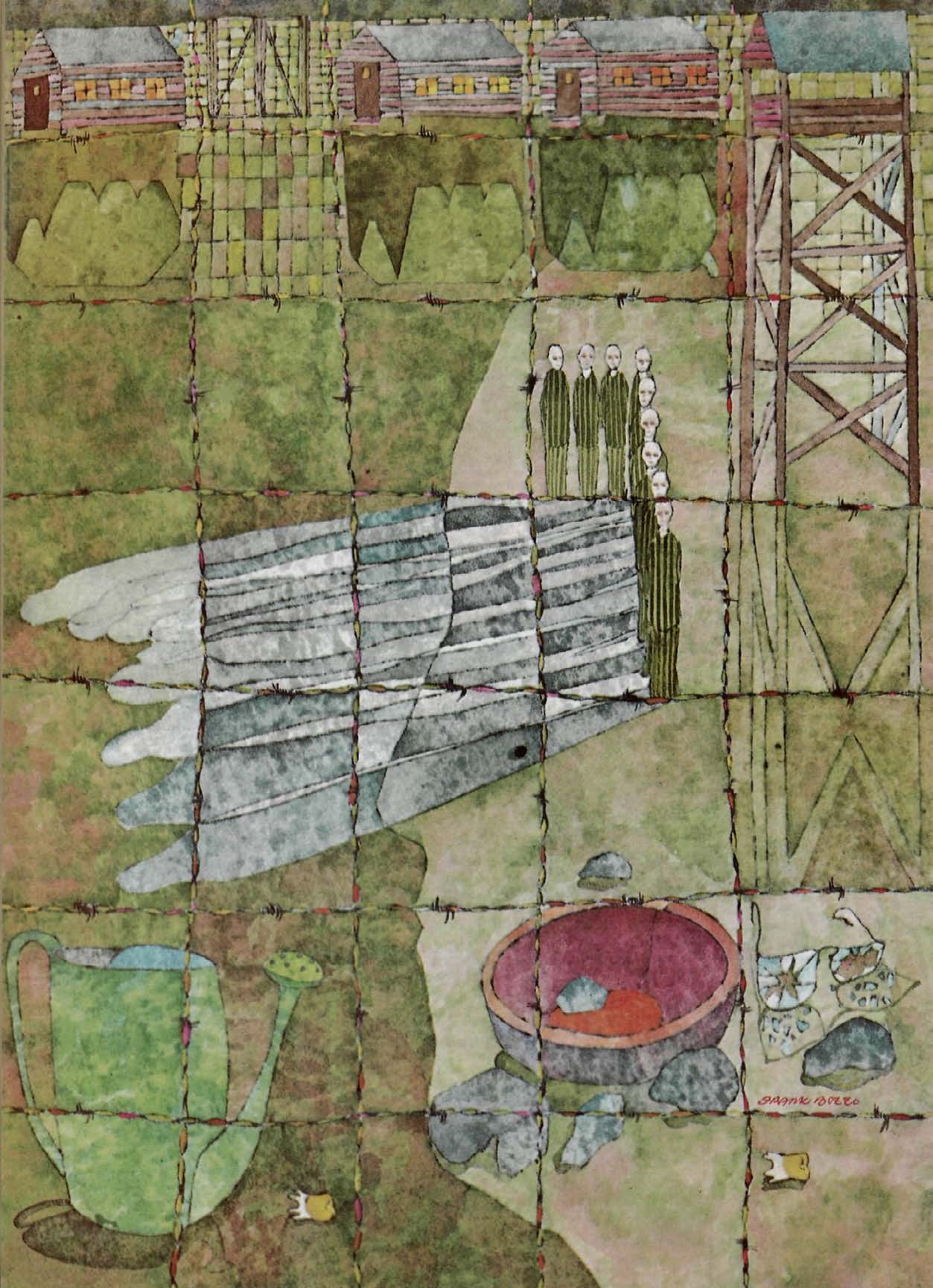
KNOW YE THESE, THE HALLOWED RANKS OF CHRISTENDOM:

S. S. S. **(Super Soul-Saver)—A reader who asks at least three people a week the embarrassing question, "Do you believe in Jesus?"**

C. T. S. **(Compulsive Truth-Sayer)—A reader who could not tell a lie, even if someone's life depended on it.**

D. O. F. **(Defender of the Faith)—One who has never doubted that Our Lord spoke English, or could have if He'd wanted to.**

K. K. K. **(Klean Kristian Kid)—One who has never stopped to ask himself what the fig tree, or the citizens of Dresden, for that matter, did to deserve it.**



Hey Jude...take a sad song... Summer of '44

BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE & TONY HENDRA

Those fabulous forties are back in fashion news! You thought it was so far and no Führer? Wrong! In the wake of high camp and low camp comes *death camp* with trend- and jet-setters alike jumping on the bundwagon, taking a trip back to that dear dead decade when the best Polish joke was the Munich Pact and it was Deutschland über Alles in Wunderland in gay hun-loving Berlin.

'68 The Nazi look takes Paris by storm-trooper (swagger tight leather jumpsuits, chunky choke-me chains, shiny *aprés*-putsch boots with big might-makes-Reich heels). **'69** New awareness in bedraum and lebensraum leads women to change clothes-horses in midstream and identify not with the oppressor but with the oppressed—The American Indian Look. **'70** The Involved Black Woman Look. **'71** The Gypsy Look. **'72** It follows as Kristall Nacht the day that the fashion Welt turns to the *last word* in abasement and nothin'-says-lovin'-like-somethin'-from-the-oven suffering—the Middle European Jew. Make way for the RAVENSBRUECK LOOK!

Who's behind the Ravensbrueck Look? No less than *Harper's Bazaar* Editor Nancy Weiss, who was with Allied Forces when they liberated the famed women's death-camp in 1945. "The minute I set eyes on the place, I fell in love with it," she explains. "And all those divine girls—skeletons with sunken cheeks, lifeless eyes. Utterly perfect! I felt I'd died and gone to fashion-model heaven. We pulled a few strings, and the Army, instead of turning the camp over to the Red Cross, turned it over to us. We run it pretty much the same as the Germans except, of course, that the prettier girls get a chance to pose for the magazine. With the exception of Penelope Tree and a few others, most of the top models come from the camp. In fact, we touched off the whole thirties' rage by simply letting the girls wear the original clothes they were interned in."

What does the Ravensbrueck Look mean to you? It means away with needless flesh and get-in-the-eyes hair. It means understated elegance in a classic shift of muted grey and taupe pillow-ticking by Simonetta-Fabiani. It means Bill Blass's "Vinyl Solution" rain slicker to keep you dry on the way to the showers. It means *The Total Death-Camp Experience.* **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Furs:** The Cattle Car Coat from I. Magnin in luscious Lakoda natural sheared Alaska seal with a delicious, dare-to-be-different gold star boldly stitched on each lapel. **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Complexion:** Running sores are, needless to say, a fashion plus, and if you're one of those unfortunates saddled with dew-drenched, milk-and-honey skin, consider Estée Lauder's Spotted Cat Skin Irritant, a subtle blend of mild acids and luxuriant coal tars, which, when applied to the body, the lips, the corners of the mouth (perhaps a discreet dab between the breasts?) produces a swarm of beguiling bumps and provocative pustules. **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Perfume:** Nuit et Brouillard by Dana, shrouding you in not-to-be-missed mist (and not-to-be-missed mystery!). Guerlain's L'été de '44 ("Some men build a palace for the woman they love. Others burn one down. L'été de '44. It fans the flames of love."). **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Diet:** Strip for action with a simple do-or-diet that promises a new lean-lined, Marinetti-trim you! Gorge yourself on this authentic German dish (that Bergen-Belsen inmates couldn't get enough of!):

Kraut und Rüben
Ingredients:
1 plump red cabbage
3 or 4 good fat turnips
2,000 gallons of water
Bring the water to a boil
and add the cabbage
and turnips.
Simmer all day. Serves 7,500.

Or, for a delightful
change of pace, try:
Kraut und Rüben Deluxe
Ingredients:
1 plump red cabbage
3 or 4 good fat turnips
2,000 gallons of water
a handful of salt
Bring the water to a boil
and add the cabbage,
turnips, and salt.
Simmer all day. Serves 8,500.

And for special occasions:
Kraut und Rüben Surprise
Ingredients:
1 plump red cabbage
3 or 4 good fat turnips
2,000 gallons of water
a mouse
Bring the water to a boil
and add the cabbage,
turnips, and mouse.
Simmer all day. Serves 11,000.

The Total Death-Camp Experience/Ornament: Tattoo for tea at Bergdorf's Tiger Morse Tattoo Parlour with a whimsical Vera ladybug on your cheek, a breathtaking Arbeit Macht Frei banner emblazoned on your midriff, or just your phone number jotted on your forearm. (Says Hollywood newcomer Sandy Duncan, star of CBS's "Funny Face," "Now that I have my driver's license tattooed on my wrist, it's so much easier when I get stopped for speeding. I just stick it out the window!") **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Makeup:** It's back to basics with a beauty aid as old as time itself—dirt! Dirt to smear all over for a tan 'n' tawny Total Death-Camp you. Get yours from Earth Works, Ltd., which offers ten pounds of actual soil from Treblinka and dusting brush applicator. **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Experiments:** Why not have a just-for-fun operation and get discreetly maimed? Take a tip from the Amazons and amputate your breasts (giving the modern active woman the freedom of movement she requires . . . while taking strokes off her golf game!). Remove your fingertips for hands that demand attention (and receive it!). **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Parties:** Guests of Sonny and Tina Blanford were recently confronted by two doors upon entering the foyer. Those that chose the left door enjoyed a sumptuous *fête champêtre* with dance-till-dawn music by Lester Lanin capped by a sunrise flight to Mexico City for breakfast at La Fonda del Refugio. Those that chose the right door were beaten senseless by squads of truncheon-wielding thugs and dumped in the street. **The Total Death-Camp Experience/Life-Style:** Recreate the innocence of '44. You know who you are, you know where you're going. Hide in closets. Behind bookshelves. Betray friends. Ride trains. Crowd into small rooms. Fight for trifles. Above all, follow orders. Resistance is useless. . . . □

Remembering Mama

Speculative Erotic Fiction
by Chris Miller

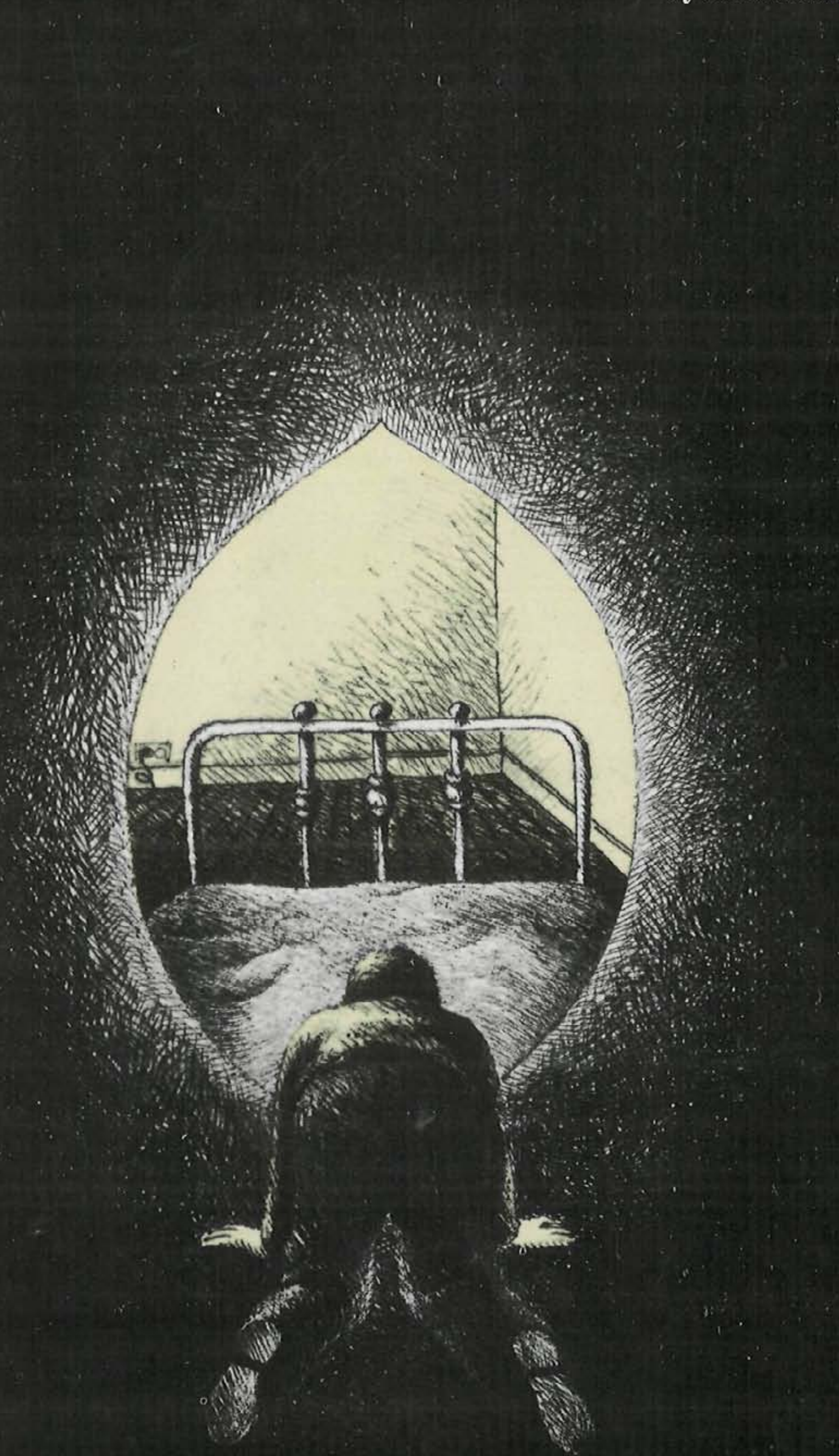


Illustration by Philippe Weisbecker

Halberson's depression greeted him that morning like an avalanche of boulders. They roared down on him the moment he opened his eyes, first in ones and twos, then in massive agglomerations, driving him into his mattress, blocking his light, mashing his ribs, pressing his spine flatter than a two-day-old highway snake. He had been dreaming of kittens; they died beneath the crush with a firecracker string of tiny screams. He was numb within seconds.

Somehow he forced his hand to the phone and dialed. "Help," he croaked.

With merciful haste, Jenny Jiminez arrived in his bedroom, hitched up her skirt and sat in his face. He sipped weakly at first, then with growing greed, as if from the warming rum keg of a St. Bernard. Gradually, the boulders dissolved.

"Hey, leesten, man," Jenny told him as he dressed, "you can' keep callin' me like thees every mornin'. Ees been two weeks now an' I been late to work three times. Can' you jus' dreenk orange juice in the mornin' like ever' body else?"

"It's pretty weird," agreed Halberson.

"Wha' doss your shreenk say?"

"Halberson, you're disgusting," said his shrink. "I'll bet you're the only man on the planet who needs cunnilingus to get up in the morning."

"I'm probably the only one in the history of the universe," muttered Halberson.

"Of course, it's only the latest manifestation of your overall insatiable need for sex." He leaned forward. "How many women this week?"

"Sixteen," said Halberson, very quietly.

"My God," whispered his shrink.

Halberson shifted miserably in the overstuffed armchair. "It could be worse," he pointed out. "My father could have been run over by a bus on the way to the maternity hospital. Then I could have become a *fag* with an insatiable need for sex."

"That's probably true. But he didn't and you aren't. What you are is someone who didn't get any love from his mother and tries to make up the deficit with every woman he meets. You know what I wish? I wish you could go back and have intercourse with your mother. Then maybe you'd get the whole obsession out of your system."

"Hmmm," said Halberson.

He took a crosstown bus to Larry Leibeskind's studio. Larry was the brother of a girl he had once had three whole dates with. He was into tachyons, photons, quantum mechanics, things like that. With the money he earned from producing weird light shows for rock 'n' roll ballrooms, he was constructing a faster-than-light drive for a starship. He

believed that Earth was fucked beyond redemption and wished to leave.

"I want to go back in time," Halberson told him.

"In time for what?" Larry inquired.

"No, man, I mean I want to go back into the past. You know, a time machine."

"You're crazy," said Larry. "I'll see what I can do."

Halberson went home. In the next two days, he made it with a small-breasted seamstress, a gym teacher whose high-energy humps flung him about like a bronc-rider, an Australian virgin, a divorcée who tasted like horse-radish, and a daughter of a San Francisco police chief. It was hard for him to cut down like this, but he needed time to think.

Halberson didn't like being neurotic, which, he felt, was like being a self-made nigger without the compensation of natural rhythm. His dependency on women was getting him down. Increasingly, his sexual liaisons were not satisfying him. Oh, they were fine while they were going down, but a half hour later he'd be hungry again. While this was especially true of Oriental women, it applied as well to all colors and creeds. His shrink's thesis about his mother had struck him as very interesting, perhaps the key to the solution of his entire problem. Now, if only Larry could come *through. . . .*

The call, when it came, was brief. "Get your ass over here, man. I think I've got it."

Halberson found Larry's studio pulsing with an eerie violet light. In the center of the room was a gleaming metal cylinder the height of two men. Electricity twined its sides like jagged yellow worms, humming and crackling. The air was sharp with ozone. Larry, in face mask and insulated gloves, was welding closed the cylinder's seam. Sparks showered to the stone floor, bouncing about his feet like bright BBs.

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Halberson. "You know, that's exactly what I thought a time machine would look like."

"No, man," said Larry, cutting his torch and flipping up his mask, "this is a light show for the Family Bug. *That's* the time machine." He indicated a boring metal box on a workbench.

"Oh," said Halberson. He walked over to inspect it. The box's surface was lusterless black, without feature except for two dials, a red button, and a carrier grip like the handle of a suitcase. It was about the size of a bread box.

"It used to be a bread box," said Larry. "I put some various kinds of shit inside, messed around a little, and I think it ought to work. This dial controls location. You got to find out the exact coordinates of where you're going and set it like this." He manipulated hair-thin lines around a fine circle of numbers. "And this one controls year and month."

"And the button activates it?"

"Right. But listen, the time control is approximate. I can't promise you'll arrive exactly when you want. Also, you can only use the machine once. The box stays behind when you return."

"That's cool." Halberson stood up to leave.

"One other thing. If my calculations are correct, you're not going to remember a thing about it when you get back. All in all, it's a pretty risky proposition. Why do you want to go back in time so badly, anyway?"

"I can't get up in the morning without having cunnilingus with a Puerto Rican woman," Halberson explained.

"I can dig that," said Larry. "Well, that'll be five bucks for parts."

Halberson returned to his apartment. He placed the time machine on his desk, cancelled the three dates he had made for that evening, showered, shaved, and brushed his teeth. He became worried briefly when he noticed his shoulder-length hair in the mirror. He might be thought a little weird with it back in the past. Then he realized all he need do was transport himself directly to his parent's apartment. He'd tell his mother he had a job posing for Bible illustra*tions or something.*

Now he sat before the black box and set the dials. He set the time control for 1939, three years prior to his birth. He had no great relish for the idea of running into his own infant self. Furthermore, his father, a musician, had been on the road much of that year. He didn't want to confront *that* son-of-a-bitch, either.

He had a terrible thought then. What if he knocked his mother up? He might never be born, or have to grow up with an older brother who was his own son. The ramifications were beginning to make him nervous. Hands sweating, he hurried to the medicine cabinet and secured a prophylactic. Then, before he could think of any more problems, he grabbed the black box by the handle and pushed the button.

There was no sense of transition. He blinked his eyes and when he opened them he was in the parlor of his parents' apartment. His stomach thudded with recognition. There was the coffee table, there the lamp with the Tiffany shade, there the Persian rug upon whose loops and swirls he had crawled for endless hours as a babe. Everything was so small! A sudden dizziness took him and he sat down hard on the sofa.

Outside there was darkness. He had no idea of the time. Almost before he realized it, he found himself turning to the end table beside the sofa. Sure enough, there was the clock he would break at age four, calmly ticking, unaware that its death lay a mere seven years in the future. The dial read two o'clock.

Something crackled beneath him. He pulled it out—a newspaper. "GERMAN ARMOR RACING TOWARD KIEV," said the headline.

German armor? Halberson felt a second thud in his stomach. The war shouldn't even have started yet. Swallowing, he squinted in the semidarkness to read the date.

It was July 17, 1941.

With an extreme exertion of will, Halberson calmed himself. It was still nine months before his birth, nothing to worry about on that account. He could still do what he had set out to do. He stood up a little shakily and crept into his parents' bedroom.

Gradually, his eyes adjusted to the deeper gloom, picking out the dressing table with the rows of perfume bottles, the framed photograph of the black-and-white cat, the two single beds separated by the night table, and . . . good God, his father! His father was home!

Halberson leaned weakly against the wall. He considered giving up the entire plan. The time traveller was still in his hands. All he had to do was push the button and he'd be home in the future, maybe call a few girls . . . no! That was the thing he'd come here to *stop* doing. *But how could he. . . .*

Suddenly, his mother rolled onto her back and Halberson saw her face. Instantly, he forgot everything. Her face . . . *that* face. . . . Primal emotions thudded inside him like body blows from a good heavyweight. His stomach thrashed like a fish in a net. Without conscious control, his hands stripped off his clothes. Glancing down, he found himself so erect he appeared about to blast from his own body like a V-2. With his last shred of presence of mind, he rolled the prophylactic onto himself, then covered the distance to his mother's bed in three-quarters of a second and slid in beside her.

A lock of hair had fallen across one of her eyes. Scarcely daring to breath, Halberson rolled down the sheet. And it was there! All the remembered ripeness, the lushness that had tantalized his dreams, it was real! Unbidden, his hand trembled forward and began to touch things.

His mother made a half-awake noise and rolled her back to him. "Not tonight, I told you, Paul," she murmurred. "I still have that awful headache."

But Halberson hadn't come as far as this to stop now. Calling into play every fondle of experience, every tickle of skill, he began to caress his mother with great urgency. As he molded his front against her back, his rubberoid-encased member clove between her warm, soft

continued

continued

thighs like a knife through butter.

"Paul, I said . . ." Her breath caught suddenly in her throat. "Oh. Oh, Paul, you never . . . oh, my God!" She expelled her breath in a rush and her body began to undulate.

"At last!" thought Halberson wildly. "At last! At last! At last!" And he plunged the residence of his neurosis a full ten inches into his mother's pulsing virginia.

"SNORK!"

Snork? With a sudden profound sense of dread, Halberson slowly turned his head to look behind him. His father was sitting up in bed! In his sleep-aid mask, he looked like a panelist on a TV game show.

"Nancy? Are you having a bad dream?" A note of eagerness entered his voice. "Shall I get in bed with you?"

Halberson thought fast. His mother, moaning and sighing, was beyond all hearing. *He* would have to answer.

"I told you not tonight, Paul," he said in a strained falsetto. "I've still got my headache."

"Aw, Jesus Christ, Nancy, you've had that headache for two weeks now. Come on."

Halberson tried to answer but could not. His mother's accelerating wriggles were tossing him about too wildly. So his father crawled into bed beside him and began to stroke his head.

"Oh, Nancy, your hair is so soft," his father said hoarsely.

"Uh, thanks," Halberson managed. Then, with a short, choked-off scream, his mother came. Her body jackknifed convulsively, sending him slamming against his father, who fell out of bed with a crash.

"Dear God," his mother sighed, "that's the *first one!* Her voice trailed off into a blissful purr. She swooned.

There was silence in the bedroom . . . except for a husky, irregular sound like a saw being drawn backward across rotten wood. He looked down at the floor. His father lay on his back, his head against a leg of the night table, his neck twisted at an impossible angle.

Halberson decided to get out of there fast. Forgetting his clothes, he launched himself for the time traveller and pushed the button.

Nothing happened.

He tried again, watching closely. His fingertip passed through the button!

What? Halberson stared at his hands and found them fading from view, growing insubstantial, like the hands of a ghost. His fingertips were fully transparent, and the transparency was spreading. What the hell? . . .

Abruptly, with a terrible sinking feeling, he understood. His father was dying—and had not yet impregnated his mother. And when he actually died, no baby Halberson would ever be born. He, the adult Halberson, would cease to exist!

There was only one thing to do and Halberson did it. He hurled himself to the floor before his father, ripped open his pajama bottoms, and set to work.

The poor man certainly *had* been horny. Despite his rapidly fading lifeforce, he attained an almost instant erection.

Good. Now Halberson leapt to his feet, bent down, encircled his father with his arms, and began tugging him up onto his mother's bed. It was like pulling at a sack of wet cement. Halberson's hands were fading, fading. With a grunt, he rolled his father on top of his mother.

"Oh, Paul, more?" his mother whispered, her eyes still closed.

"Sure thing, Nance," said Halberson, imitating as best he could his father's gruff tones. "German armor's racing toward Kiev, so what the hell."

It was penetration time, but Halberson's hands were now no more than transparent wraithes. Working essentially with his stumps, he somehow fumbled his father's banana into his mother's split.

"Glork. Snorf," commented his father. His breathing was becoming raspier and raspier. Pink spittle had begun to collect at the corners of his mouth.

Halberson's body was still fading. He had hoped that effecting penetration would be enough, that biology would then take over, but this obviously was not to be the case. With a curse he took his father's hips between his elbows and began hoisting and lowering him, as if with a pair of ice tongs. And still Halberson's body faded.

"Come on, you bastard," he growled, "you never gave me shit in my life, don't take my *birth* away from me." He began ramming his head against his father's buns on each downswing.

"Graaaak," rattled his father, his body spasming randomly.

"Oh, Paul," whimpered his mother, "you're so *alive* tonight."

"Fnork!" replied his father. His body arced into a sudden bow, then collapsed utterly.

Pop! Halberson snapped into full substance. His desperate tactic had worked! Relief washed over him.

"Paul? Paul, darling? I've still got my cookies. Are you stopping?"

Uh-oh. Halberson dove for the time machine.

Was he cured of neurosis? he wondered. He would never know. Whatever future was waiting for him up there would be the only one he'd ever experienced. If Larry had been right, he'd remember nothing of what went on here tonight.

Abruptly, the light went on. There was a scream.

Halberson pushed the button.

Halberson's depression greeted him that morning like an avalanche of boulders. They roared down on him the moment he opened his eyes. He was numb within seconds.

Somehow he forced his hand to the phone and dialed. "Help," he croaked.

With merciful haste, Pablo Jiminez arrived in his bedroom, dropped his pants, and sat in his face. □

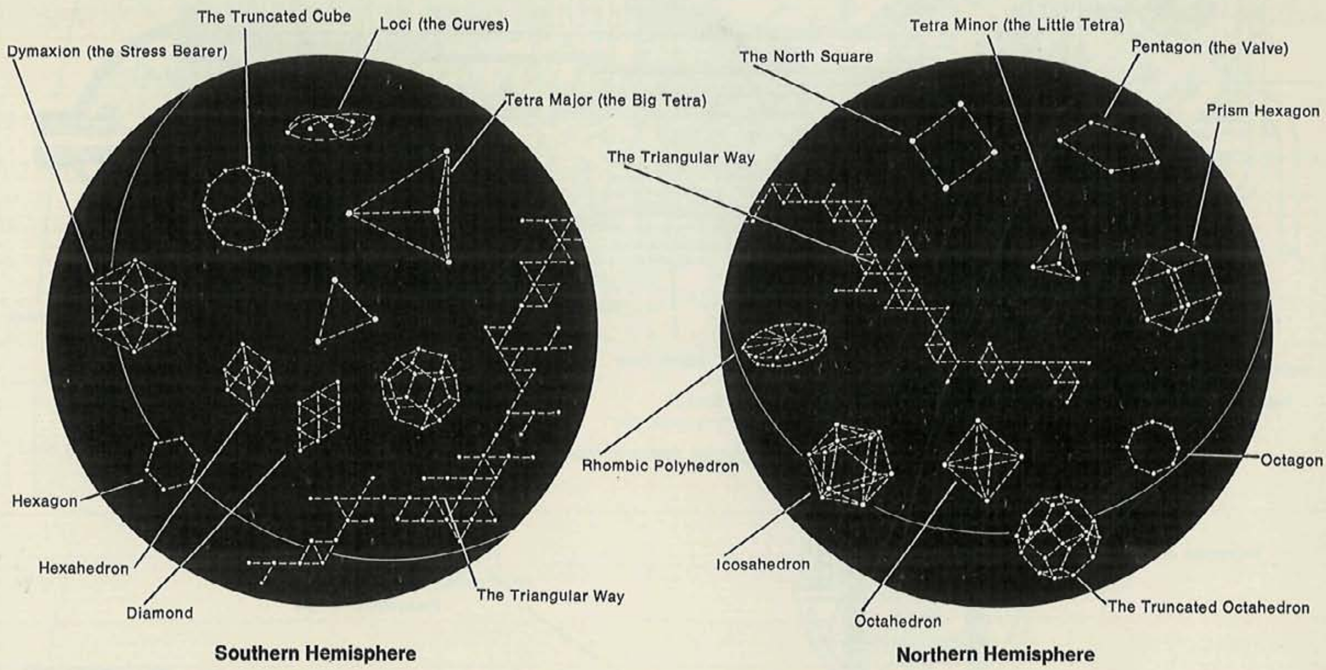


Is nothing sacred?

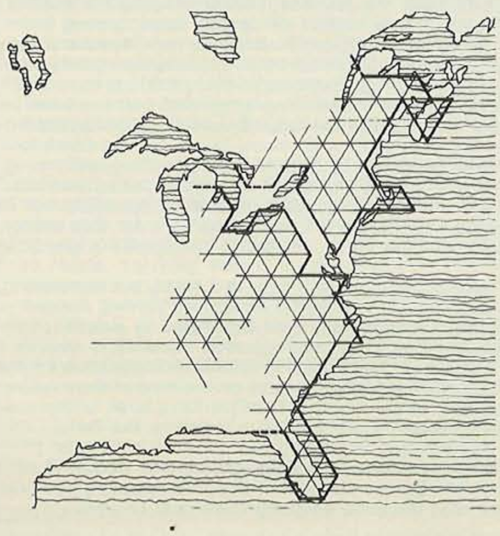
Buckminster Fuller's

Repair Manual for the Entire Universe

reconstituted by Henry Beard, Harry Fischman, and Jeffrey Prescott



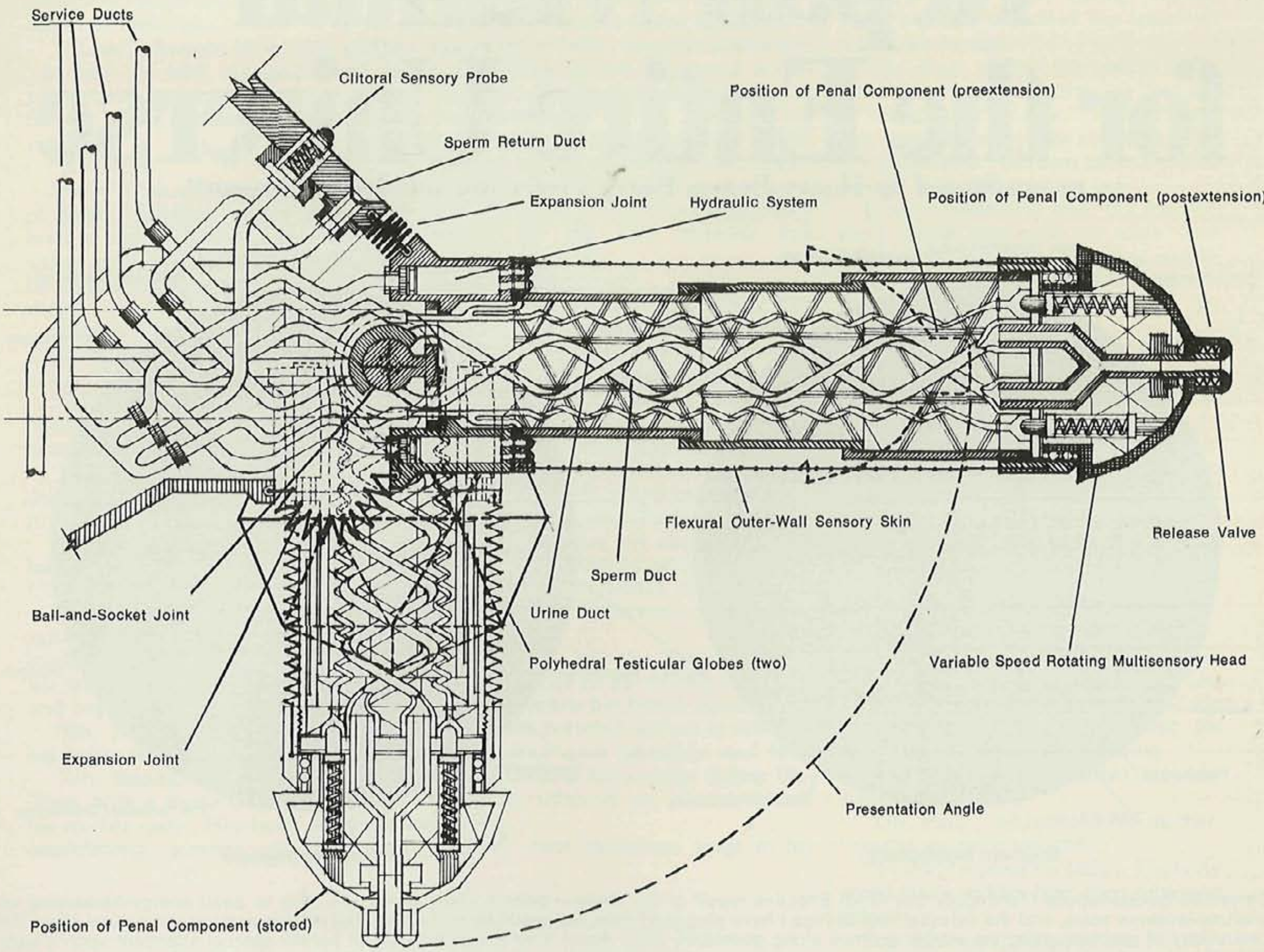
Corrected Constellations (Tensegrity Star-Grid) Effective repair of the shotgun-pattern star-swarms will have to await energy-harnessing on a whole-universe scale, and the celestial reorderings I have proposed here are needfully theoretical, but there is nothing conjectural about the desirability of reconstructing the visible cosmos along geometric lines. Apart from the abundance of benefit-accrual attendant upon a well-thought-out modernization of astrology into astrotopology and the conversion of outmoded birth-signs and astral influences into a symbology more consistent with the emergent technological consciousness (how much more appropriate to have been born under, say, the Icosohedron, than the Crab or the Fish!), the possible utilization of this high-impact, nocturnally reappearing world-around blackboard (now a totally impactless muddle of random-intensity chalk-spots with no structural message content except that imposed upon it by hallucinating Greeks), as an ultimate geodesic awareness-spreader renders my mind boggleable.



Rectified Continental Edge (Ultrasectional Solid-Liquid Coastal Interface) Illustrated here is my comprehensive repair-plan for the Eastern Seaboard, which was "totalled" during a Pre-Cambrian head-on with the North Atlantic crustal plate. My estimate of the damage calls for replacement of much of the contiguous land mass, effecting peninsula realignment, putting in new coast-lining, and installing shocks in key areas subject to periodic earthquake activity. (It'll run you $40 trillion, with a deep-gloss surface wash-and-waxing thrown in. Of course, you can go over to Honest Herman Kahn, at the Hudson Institute, and he'll offer to do it for half, but don't come to me in a lacrimation mode when all he does is round off the rough edges with hydrogen bombs.)

Basically, I propose to rationalize the region through the imposition of a dymaxion grid which divides it into removable and floatable triangular units with self-contained energy sources. The removability and floatability of the individual units permits, for example, New York City to winter in Florida, and allowance is made for the hinging of Florida to increase the favorability of rocket launchings when local weather provides an obstruction and to permit its temporary repositioning during times of crisis in the Caribbean. Interior dymaxion units, such as the one indicated in the southern New Hampshire region, would have to seek the agreement of coastal units to obtain ocean access, but presumably a New England unit could become a "module-buddy" with a unit in inner Georgia, trading locations biannually so that all of the residents of both units could golf and ski year-round, and the two units could recompense respective coastal units for the necessary disturbance by payments of quantities of maple syrup in the one case and turpentine in the other. The incremental mobility thus instituted would also do much to convince the federal authorities to respond to local requests, since any unit could make a threat to "go it alone" highly credible by letting it be generally known that it had a major towing contract to let for 500,000 tugboats.

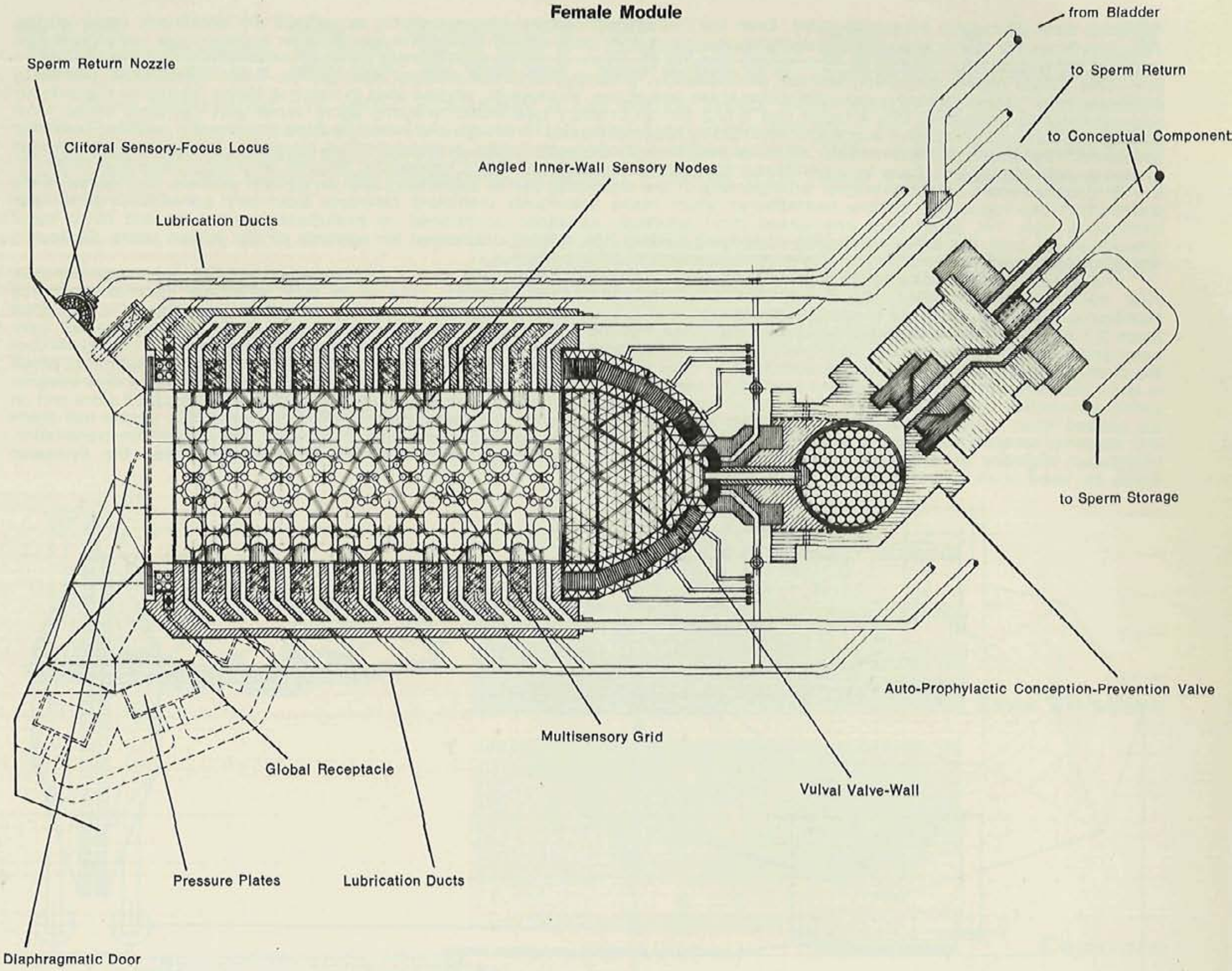
Male Module



Reconceived Coital Organs (Ultrasensorial Natalatory Valving Apparatus) We cannot exclude from the reconceptioning process the haphazardly designed human body, which in addition to its operating deficiencies and inefficiencies, has a myriad of design flaws, among them: the fact that basically the same blueprint, with relatively few adjustments, has been used for roughly half a billion years, not because it represents the best possible blueprint, but because, in the evolutionary drawer, it happened to be on top; the fact that succeeding models were always made out of multicentury cannibalizations of previous models, with make-do, gum-and-spit, jury-rigs methods, so that raccoons have a pair of so-so kneecaps originally made out of the dorsal fins of a guppy, and men have brains made out of an old smelling-apparatus that has been on the market since the Jurassic; the fact that there are vestigialities, like the appendix in man, whose presence is always useless, and occasionally fatal (and yet with all this misdesigning, Nature's "ingenuity" is congratulated!); and the fact that, with ninety-two elements to choose from, Nature settled on carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and phosphorus, which were then fashioned into globby little walking, swimming, and flying custard-pies that can be stopped dead with one well-aimed, hand-thrown stone. What would be the fate of an engineer at an advanced laboratory who proposed, following Nature's much-praised example of the human brain, that the next computer generation be made out of Jell-O? Or of an architect who, impressed by human skin, favored a roofing tile constructed from hardened margerine? Or, for that matter, of a designer who, having first designed a toilet and then a violin, made the violin in the shape of the toilet and put in its innards a tiny little flusher, just for continuity's sake?

This is the scope of the problem. Obviously, a whole-body approach is necessary, but I have confined myself here to a small, but demanding, aspect of it, namely, the reconstruction of the male and female organs of replication. Although my Ultrasensorial Natalatory Valving Apparatus follows the existing operation pattern, and although that pattern is probably familiar to most, their functioning is best explicated by a descriptioning of their interrelations in an in-use state, beginning with the Male Module. Let us assume that the brain has reported stimulatory evidence from the eyes or whatever (I shall presume throughout that the female shows receptivity, because a description of onanismic utilization seems redundant, and, anyway, such a utilization invariably results in the appearance of a host of tiny domelike structures on the face of the module-possessor and dark loci under his eyes). It does not matter what the evidence is so long as it is stimulatory; it might have been a nice pair of icosahedrons or a glimpse of a microcosmically clothed Female Module. As soon as this stimulatory information is received, the Penal Component of the male module begins to travel upward on a universal ball-socket joint from its head-down carrying position to a horizontal position in a 90-degree upwards arc. For a number of reasons, among them avoidance of lump-occasioned embarrassment, this does not also involve a forward lengthening of the Penal Component, a movement which is delayed to a more appropriate time. If effective coupling does not occur within six hundred seconds, it will return to the carrying state; again, I will presume that effective coupling does occur.

Female Module



We now come to Phase II and the introduction of the Female Module (incidentally, I must urge readers to suppress their pun-activated gigglatory mechanisms during this exposition; if you have difficulty, ask yourself if the operation of a two-cycle pump would afford you amusement). When the Variable-Speed Multisensory Rotating Head of the Penal Component makes contact with the Clitoral Sensory-Focus Locus, the Diaphragmatic Door on the Vulval Component of the Female Module opens. (Manual stimulation will also open the Diaphragmatic Door; in either case, failing effective coupling, it will close again in two hundred seconds.) The Penal Component, still in an unextended mode, is now free to enter the Female Module. As it completes this entry function, the Clitoral Sensory Probe makes prime contact with the Clitoral Sensory-Focus Locus, the Sperm Return Nozzle with the Sperm Return Duct, and the Polyhedral Testicular Globes (two) dock in the Global Receptacle.

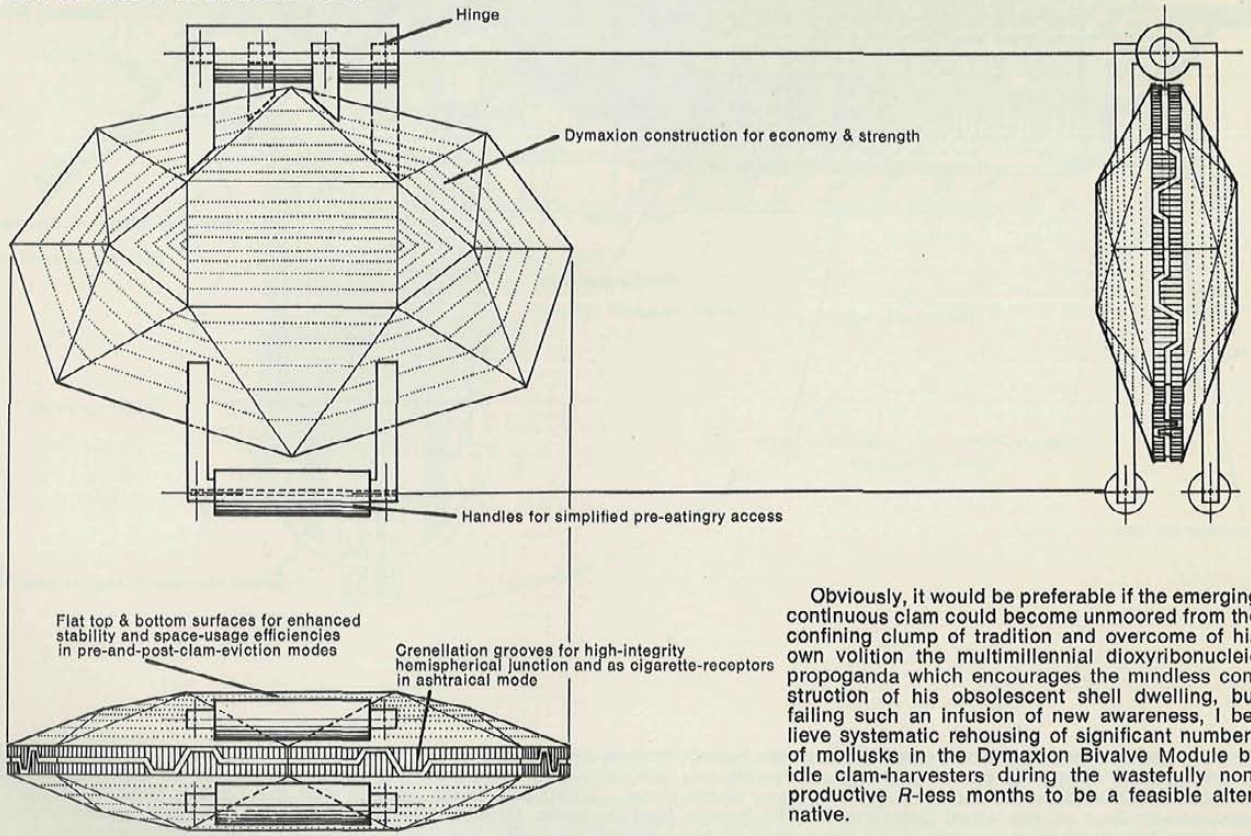
Phase III commences with the Clitoral Sensory-Focus Locus in a state of prime stimulation by the Clitoral Sensory Probe. This stimulation activates a series of Pressure Plates lining the facets of the Global Receptacle. These local pressures engage the hydraulic system located in the Base Component of the Male Module, effecting operation of the Expansion Joint and telescopic extension of the Penal Component. This extension carries the Variable-Speed Rotating Multisensory head into contact with the Vulval Valve-Well at the interior end of the Vulval Component of the Female Module. Once intimate tensional coherence has been achieved, the Variable Speed Rotating Multisensory Head begins to rotate, carrying with it in its revolutions the Vulval Valve-Well. Simultaneously, a number of points of contact, lubricated by Lubrication Ducts, are created between the Flexural Outer-Wall Sensory Skin of the telescoping portion of the Penal Component and the linearly arranged Angled Inner-Wall Sensory Nodes which form a Multisensory Grid on the concave surfaces of the Vulval Component.

Phase III begins when an overpressure of 110-lb. p.s.i. occurs in the Polyhedral Testicular Globes following continuous action by the Pressure Plates in the Global Receptacle. At this overpressure, the Release Valve is activated, permitting the flow of sperm in the direction of the Conceptual Component (not shown) of the Female Module. At this point, however, depending on prior adjustment of the Auto-Prophylactic Conception-Prevention Valve, the sperm is allowed to proceed to effect immediate conception; or is sent to storage vessels (not shown); or is recycled through the Sperm Return Nozzle and into the Sperm Return Duct for reuse in the Male Module.

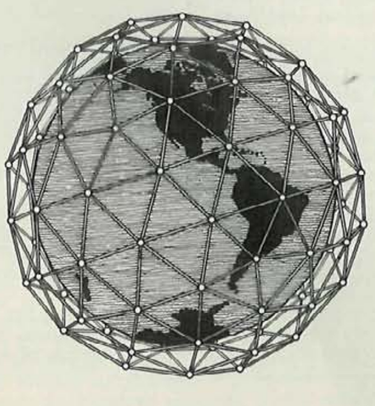
This completes the three-phase process. It should be added that during the process it might not be uncommon for either the Male or the Female to utter appropriate pleasure-describing or affection-verifying phrases, such as: "My frequency-and-angle modulations are resulting in a rapidly increasing velocity of accelerating energy-event pleasure potential!" or "Your Vulval Component is a triumph of synergy," or what-have-you. It should further be added that preliminary studies with a computer-simulated model indicate that 3.4×10^5 coupling positions are possible, of which less than 2.3×10^3 could be described as "perverse."

Repaired clam (Dymaxion Bivalve Module). Even the discontinuous observer can instantly apprehend the significant, repair-worthy, design deficiencies in the classic mollusk living-unit: From the clam-view, the structure looms as an asymmetrical, weighty, hollow stone, composed of timed deposit-accretions of a number of substances, the result being a bony agglomeration that prevents effective tide-borne global gloaming-roaming without, paradoxically, providing sufficient internal strength to resist penetration efforts by predators, a fact demonstrated to my satisfaction at the age of two, by seagulls, whom I used to watch in Maine (during an hiatus in my since-abandoned researches into a motor that would run on ordinary tree moss) bombing shore rocks with members of the local quahog population, in invariably successful attempts at break-and-entry. From the man-view, besides the directly resulting loss of a husbanded resource, the asymmetrical, unarticulated shell-shape complicates preconsumption storage in eatingry places; makes access without appropriate tools to the chew-worthy, hors d'oeuvral body all but impossible; negates efficient hexamerous (order-of-six) or dodecamerous (order-of-twelve) arrangement of the eventually halved appetizerly item on circular platters; and leaves as the end-product two randomly concave hemispheres which make notoriously inefficient ashtrays, their only conceivable post-clam-habitational use. Yet, apart from specialized local structural variations occasioned by evolutionary pressures and other minor differentiations from the basic matrix, the underlying pattern has existed unchanged for upwards of fifty million years. Obviously, this is something of a record for clinging to an outmoded housing system.

The repair I have indicated here eliminates the enumerated deficiences and simultaneously provides numerous bonuses. First, the dymaxion tensional-sectional construction, which, appropriately enough, uses as its main structural material ground-up clamshells, will resist traumatic impact overpressures of a size unlikely to be inflicted by any seagull not capable of a sustained Mach 2.3 dive from fifteen thousand feet and entails one-fifth the cost of duplication of the original shell; second, handles have been emplaced on both dymaxial hemispheres for simplified post-harvesting clam-extrication, a convenience which in no way renders the clam vulnerable to sea-occurring predators (this does not include my proposed Dymaxion 4-D Dolphin, the introduction of which in large numbers would necessitate minor redesign—see *Geodada*, p. 157), since the hinged hemispheres adhere with a high-integrity spring-and-suction closure; and, third, flat top-and-bottom surfaces permit efficient space-utilization, both in the seafood store and on the seabed floor, vastly increase snack-on-platter placement efficiencies, and transform the heretofore marginally usable half-shells into attractive receptacles for gears, vectors, trusses, vertices, and other randoming doodads. In addition, the regular rim-crenellation, introduced originally as a perimetric strengthening factor, provides handy out-of-mouth cigarette cradles when the dymaxion shells are used in an ashtraical mode.



Obviously, it would be preferable if the emerging continuous clam could become unmoored from the confining clump of tradition and overcome of his own volition the multimillennial dioxyribonucleic propoganda which encourages the mindless construction of his obsolescent shell dwelling, but failing such an infusion of new awareness, I believe systematic rehousing of significant numbers of mollusks in the Dymaxion Bivalve Module by idle clam-harvesters during the wastefully non-productive *R*-less months to be a feasible alternative.



Rehoused Earth (Geo-Total Envelope) It is not necessary to document to the average inhabitant of spaceship earth the threshold environmental disruptions common to the planet, since anyone who has not spent his entire life in a sealed pot knows of the unpredictability of meteorological effects, to name just one aspect of the problem. Why is it then that we tolerate on the earth what we would never tolerate in our domiciles: temperature variations from —50° C to 60° C, drafts up to 120 mph, regular drenchings from leaks, freeze-ups, basement-floodings, and periodic electrical discharges in the megavolt range are tolerated when, for example, a temperature drop of 5° in wintertime will send the most timid to the telephone to berate the landlord?

The geodesic earth-roof structure shown here would be rocket-emplaced and assembled in orbit at a distance of 450 nautical miles from the sea-level surface, then covered with a tight semiopaque plastic covering. In addition to making planetary environmental control a simplicity, the planet-dome would prevent the degradation of the extreme upper atmosphere, an undesirable entropic effect; provide effective shielding from cyclical ultraviolet photonic pulses occasioned by the solar sunspot cycle; and, with appropriate instrumentation, serve as a vast television screen for constant bombardment of the world-peoples with positive information. Finally, it will function as a permanent obstruction to divine intervention, thus facilitating the development of a me-orientated semieternal world-around control system. □

Where Do YOU Draw the Line?

How depraved are you? Probably a lot more than you think. In this scientific test, Purita the Sacred Cow lets you find out just how far you're willing to go. Start with the first picture, and keep going until you throw up. When this happens, stop and *DRAW THE LINE!* The foolproof grading system will show you exactly how you look to others.

Regular Guy

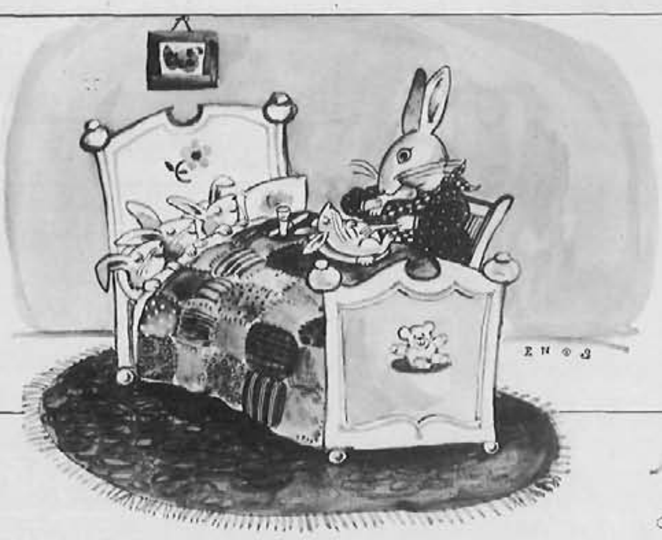




Free Thinker



Commie



Black is Ugly

Filthy Commie



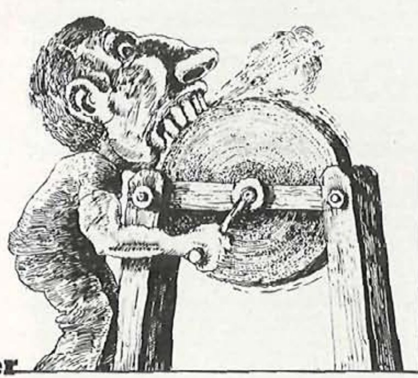
Sacred cows by Sagebrush

SOME CALL HIM COP





Anarchist



western union **Telegram**

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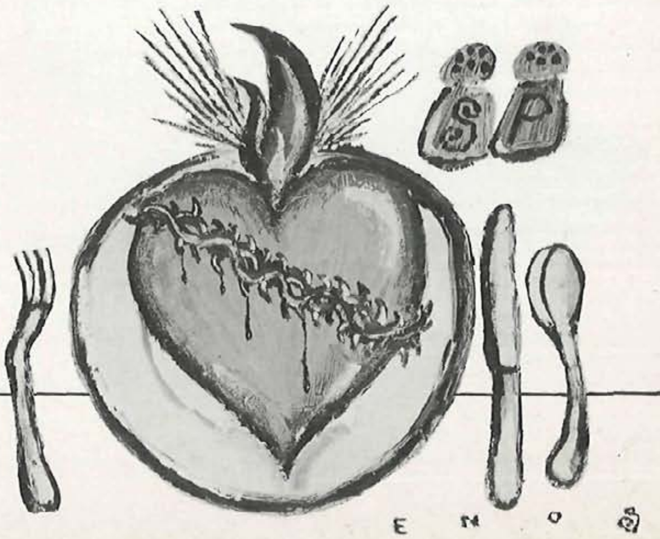
WASHINGTON DC OCT 18 NFT

HI FOLKS.
HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL
HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL
IF YOU SAW YOUR SON TOM, IT
WOULD SURE MAKE YOU VOMIT.
DEEPEST SYMPATHIES FROM UNCLE SAM AND THE NEW FUN ARMY.

Blasphemer

Queer





Child Molester

when acid indigestion strikes . . .





Heartless New Yorker



No Respect

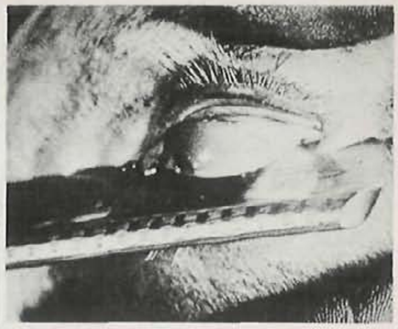
Bargain Debasement



Iconoclast





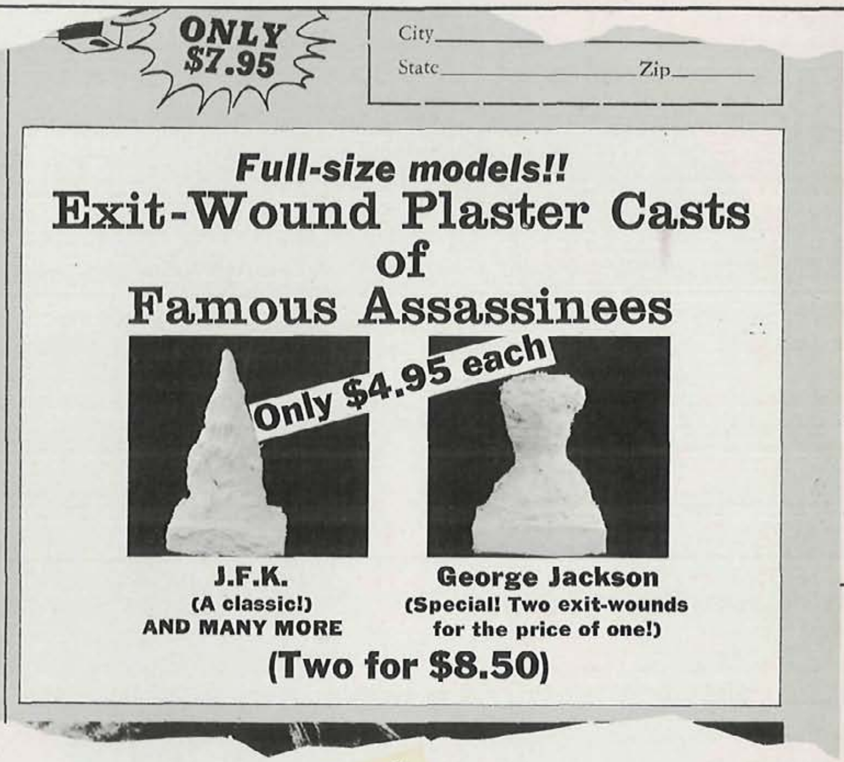


Practicing Pervert

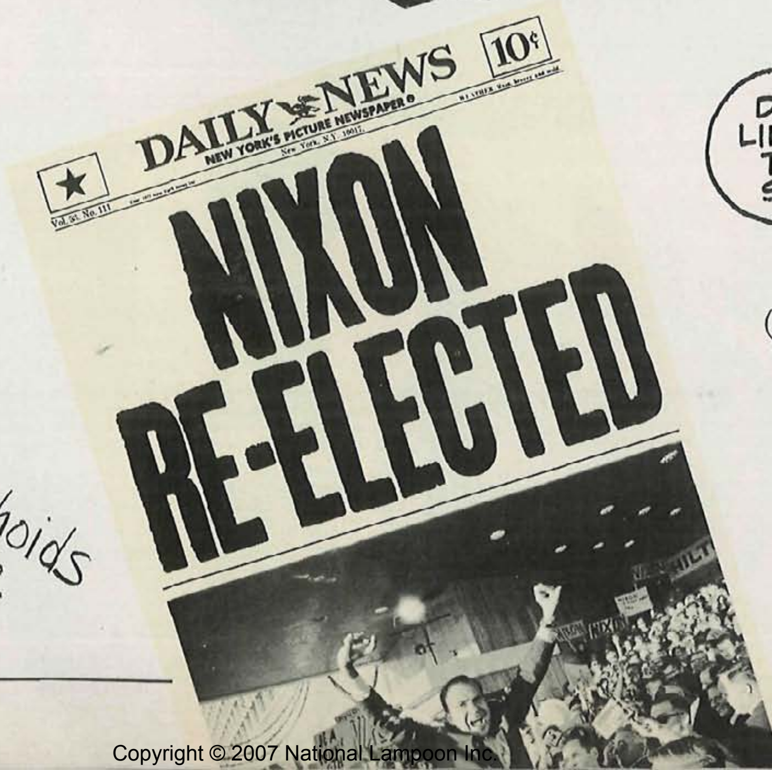
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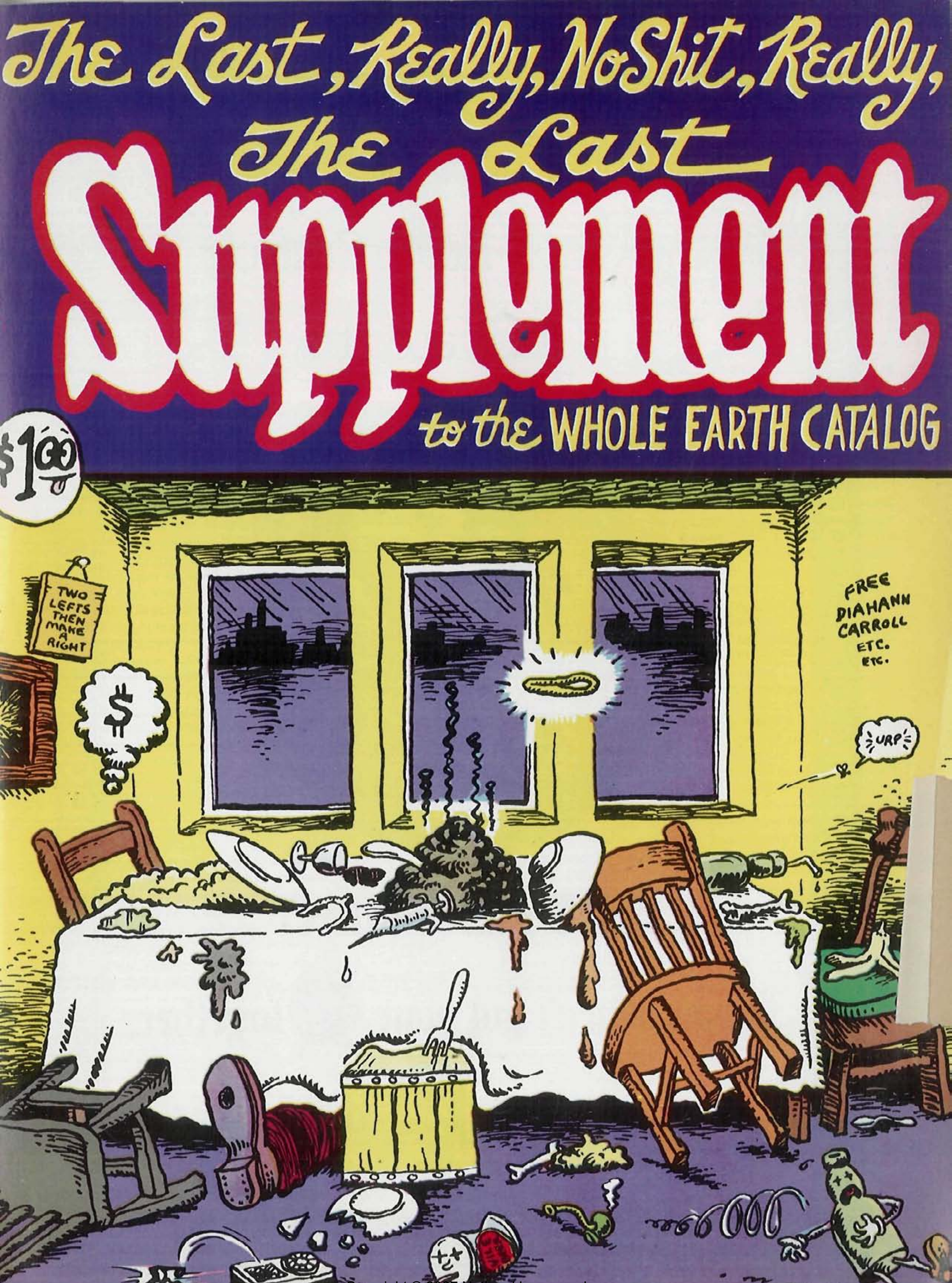
Scum of the Earth





Hemorrhoids Can Be Fun

Beyond Hope


The Last, Really, No Shit, Really,
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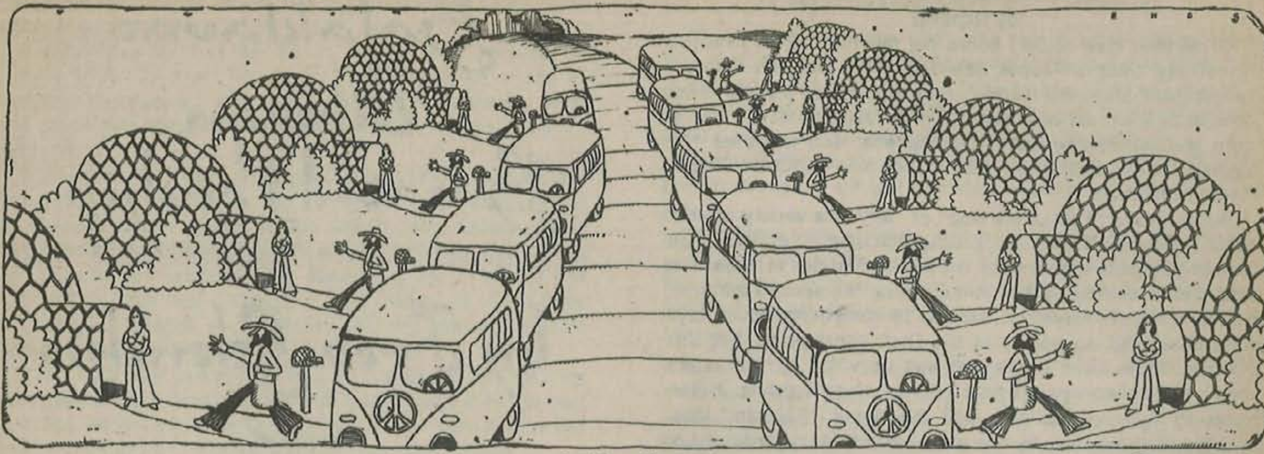
ALAN COPELAND

THE MOVEMENT

If you haven't got your  together,

get your  out!

The Dream



by Ken Kesey
(as told to Carl Yastrzemski)

is Over

It's a little red book, and it's not the *Thoughts of Chairman Mao*, and you can read it in a few hours and never get over it again. A little red stool—*The Book of Common Prayer*. A few hundred pages and everything you need to know and do and be, a how-to for droughts, christenings, sickness, comings and goings, losses and findings. Here's just a sample: "Oh, Lord, we humbly beseech Your support and mercy for Your servant, our (brother/sister) (*here put in name of sufferer*) in (*his/her*) *hour of need. We beg that You may vouchsafe* unto (him/her) Your loving kindness and grace, considering that (he/she) is sore afflicted by (*here put in affliction*) and is in great need. This we ask in the Name of Your Son, Our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Episcopalianism isn't the oldest Way, just simple, graceful, unpushy, and unpavlovian (unlike Catholicism), not crude and noisy like Baptism. A nice little sect with something for everyone. Getting back into the habit of going to church on Sunday is a trip in itself. First, the hurrying and the getting showered (symbolic?), making sure the little brown envelope is in the right breast pocket, giving the last touch to the handkerchief (three points—again symbolic?). Then into the car for the short ride to Church (avoiding the railroad crossing). Then the little, chaste fieldstone building, nothing flashy, no geodesics, no dayglo, old and sober and elegant. Saying the ritual hellos, to Mrs. Grady, Sue's piano teacher, and Mr. Purvis, who owns the feed store. Responsibility, appearance, manners: it's all there, as strict and watered-silk smooth as Confucianism, but somehow not foreign, not puzzling.

Inside, the oak pews, the maroon cushions. Hymn numbers like an old memory of the bookie in the Portland grocery store with his little lists of three-digit dreams on a brown grocery bag: The Old 100th; 412 ("Nearer My God to Thee"); 226 ("Once to Every Man and Nation," with that strange, out-of-pace Oriental tune name—Ton-y-Botel); 144 ("Now the day is over, / Night is drawing nigh, / Shadows of the evening, / Steal across the sky. / Grant to little children, / Visions bright of Thee . . ."). Good stuff, honest in a way Ginsberg would never Understand.

The ups and downs, the congregation like a soft machine; the Creed, a small, uncomplicated statement, no ego: "I believe in one God . . . one, Holy, Catholic and apostolic Church . . . one." One is enough. To hell with the spiritual supermarket, Vishnu, Siva, Ramakrishna, Buddha, just more shiny products on the philosophical shelf. Special this week, Sufism, send away for free mantra.

Later, the sermon, the Right Reverend Philip Darlington Tremaine's flat, reassuring voice pointing out the Latin hidden in "commitment": *com-mit*, "put together," "put with." Asking the question, what do we mean by "committment"? The telling of a joke about someone who thinks he has to get sent to the funny farm to be "truly committed."

Outside afterwards I have a short conversation with Mrs. Pruett, who is planning the spring bazaar with me, and we decide we'll have a committee lunch (there's *com-mit* again) out at my place next week to "get the ball rolling." Nothing fancy, no love-feast in the catacombs, just Maxwell House and a Sara Lee coffee ring. This makes me think: Why doesn't anyone ask me to do commercials? Some of them I'd do for free, like Geritol. That stuff really works. I've tried Vitamin C, and B-11, and brown rice, but Geritol does the trick.

Back home we're just sitting down to the Plum Rose ham the little woman put together, and then a bunch of those goddamn bikers go by outside and I don't know what it is but they get to me with their pointless noise and filthy beards. I get out the Mauser and rush outside but too late—they're gone. I fire off a coupla rounds anyway for the hell of it and get back inside to that ham. Boy is that good and she can sure come through with the home fries. Later down at Lucky Lanes I bowl a 253 which ain't bad but Fred and Madge beat us out with a strike so we go for a brew and Fred says he's found a great seafood place down on 415 just past the Los Croillas exit, by the Howard Johnson's there you know . . .

Here's Good News for Vegetarians!

SCIENTISTS PROVE CHICKENS ACTUALLY FAST PLANTS

"The amazing part," remarked Dr. Edmund Ingersoll at a recent Cornell University press conference, "is that they managed to fool us for so many years." The forty-six-year-old botanist went on to explain that his studies had turned up conclusive evidence that chickens were nothing more than fast plants, plants that resorted to "mimicry," the ability of an organism to assume a superficial resemblahce to another organism for purposes of protection or concealment. The chicken plant, according to Dr. Ingersoll, took on the characteristics of its worst enemy, the bird.

The study points out that chickens do not eat corn in any accepted sense but, rather, store the corn inside them so it can't be eaten by the birds. Then, late at night, when everyone is asleep, they sneak out and hide the corn where it will be safe. This has led Dr. Ingersoll to conclude that chickens are probably a variety of corn themselves and feel a bond with their less nimble kin. He added that, like any plant, chickens must be watered regularly and, if eggs are placed in the ground, many chickens will spring up.

As for the future, Dr. Ingersoll plans extensive research into pot roasts which, he suspects, are a variety of tulip.

(From New Grub News)

THE WAY

Work 70 years on one poem.
When it is finished,
Sign it with the name of
your enemy
And burn it.
Tell no one what you
have done,
Least of all,
Yourself.

—MO'D

Zoot Sutras of Svi Chutni
by Ripshit

Of all the "How to Do" books my favorite is *How to Know Everything, Control People, See God, Have Pleasant Reincarnations, and Make Big Karma in the Fast-Paced Mantra Field.* This stool is an old one, but the manifestation of it I use is from the commentary of Vivasectanada, and is called *The Sayings of Svi Chutni*, by Koalapanda and Goldfish, Perma Press, Hollywood.

Sutra means "hair of the dog" or "any of a variety of puffballs, especially the family Medula Oblongata," and right off the bat you get a nice feel for the role of paradox in Yoga. The sutras were composed sometime during the second administration of Grover Cleveland, around 18-something, which says a lot about the superiority of the East, considering that this obscure monk knew which end was up while our ancestors were still fooling around with gas for street-lighting. References to Yoga meditations—and the zipper, "Lincoln" logs, and the dustpan, too, by the way—can be found around A.D. 1500, and the concepts of the Godhead, the Whitehead, and the Blackhead probably date back much earlier, but Svi Chutni restated it all for our time.

The book is in four parts: Operation of the Individual Sutra, Immediate Action for Karma Blockage, Care and Cleaning of the Chakra, and Basic Yoga Tactics. The following are an excerpt from Svi Chutni's introduction and some sutras from *the first part:*

My name is Svi Chutni and I am to be your principal instructor in a twenty-two-hour block of instruction on the Yoga. Yoga is your friend. You must learn to treat it right and it will treat you right. Remember, Yoga is not a "religion"; you can call it a "discipline," a "system," a "philosophy," or a "method," but never a "religion." Now for nomenclature: Yoga is an ego-feeding, brain-operated, reality-apprehending, thought-clearing, semitheocratic, living-system. Have you got that?

Response of the students: Yes, Drill Swami!

I can't hear you!

Response of the students: YES, DRILL SWAMI!

That's better. Sound off like you've got some karma!

THE SUTRAS

1. There is a right way and a Yoga way. Learn the Yoga way.
2. When you meditate, all I want to see is asses and elbows.
3. In this life, you're on your own time.
4. If you don't do a thing right the first time, you'll do it again until you do it right.
5. Learn to distinguish your right from your left.
6. Practice this exercise: dig a hole four feet by four feet by four feet. Fill it in.
7. This is the correct hand position: arm held out straight, elbow not locked, thumb and forefinger extended and joined.
8. Repeat this incantation in a loud voice: "I want to be in a state of Nirvana, I want to blow some heathen minds! Yoga! All the way!"
9. Know your general mantras.
10. Remember SUTRA: Study, Understanding, Technique, Reflection, Awareness.

I am a practicer of Yoga, the Queen of Philosophy, the Ultimate System. In previous incarnations, I was a toad at the feet of Buddha, and a butterfly in the hands of Ramakrishna, and a snail on the banyan tree. I am part of the proud four-thousand-year-old Eastern tradition. I will achieve Nirvana. *Follow me!*

Kleist is the Chinese Messiah.—F. P. Adams

Balaklava: Tibetan Bread-Worship by Fred Blenchis

reviewed
by Ashy Residew

First: Burn something unnatural, a book of logarithms. Lose yourself in the batter. Let tengo, the yeast, convert through ferment and decay; rise with the dough, don't fight it. Fold in friends. In French, bread is PAIN.

Free your mind of kisku, the crust. Do away with the need to have things neat, in slices, laid out, ordered. Purge with fire—not the fire of G.E., but real fire, the fire of rejection and sacrifice. The wholesome char.

Learn to become a whole loaf, not half a loaf. In meditation, let Glomma, the Baker, cut through you with the bread knife of Shoofka, the-one-who-knows-one-when-he-sees-one. Bend like a pretzel. Become the hole in the doughnut. Beat yourself 100 strokes with a saltstick. Serves all, not just two or four.

When I was a cupcake, I spoke as a cupcake. I understood as a cupcake. I thought as a cupcake. But when I became a coffee cake, I put away my cupcake tins.

A little like Esalen in the Hossafungay, the sweetening exercises. Hands kneading others' dough. Much greater closeness, awareness of inner ingredients: living in the same breadbox, sleeping in the same pan, washing in the same mixing bowl. The Five Basics: millet, barley, flour, yeast, milk, from which the Bun of the Earth and the Giant Muffin of the Universe is baked.

THE FIRST PANTRA

***Facing the Himalayas* (use a good compass and a plumb line or atlas to be right), the Stone Ovens of the World, where Rorajungay-La rolled the First Batch; baked some a little while (the Caucasian loaf, thin, bitter); some a little longer (the yellow Mongoloid loaf, sweet, rich); and some until it burned (the black loaf, solid, nourishing).**

Chanting:

I am common dough.
Stir into me whole wheat flour until a thick batter is formed.
Beat me well with your Spoon.
Let me rise.
Punch me down.
Shape me into a loaf.
Stick raisins in me.
Bake me in your oven at 350° for twenty minutes.
Remove me from my pan at the end of time, and let me cool or eat me right away, according to your taste.
I serve you.

ABOUT FRED BLENCHIS

Writing about myself isn't easy, but here goes.

I first came to Tossakooki in May, 1966, with some croissants (followers). It was an old motel, shuttered, left behind by the new freeway, the Pine Kone Kabins. It seemed right. I consulted the vanilla wafers, and the crumbs were optimistic, even joyous.

We wanted to start things afresh: draw wood, hew water. But we bit off more of Gonzo, the Lump, than we could chew with our base mouths.

I sought the Spirit of the Board, equilibrium, the place of Cutting Which Is Itself Not Cut. I dealt the ritual hands of Canasta, the Pack of Truths. I melded my red threes early and made two naturals. We took this Sign as the Proof of the Loaf.

Since then we have prospered. New twinkies (students) come every day. Outsiders buy our products in fulfillment of the Second Cycle: giving to the Eaters, the Lesser Ones; taking from them the sour metals and unleavened, flat papers they fill their air pockets with. Balancing the Flim and the Flam, I bury this bad dough in a deep place, as the Master ordained, in a hidden vault, where it will not corrupt the pure batter of the good batches.

It is a hard way; sometimes we lose Loaves even when they have reached the Great Dinner Roll (state), but it is the way of things. As the great Master has said: If you cannot bear the great temperatures, remove yourself from the kitchen.

THE FREAK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

MORE STOOLS FROM MY STOOL-CHEST

The stomach, the center, the what-it's-all-about, has had a rough day at the office. That pig-boss, the brain, those featherbedding flunkies, the mouth, ears, eyes, aorta. A real shitload of a day. The stomach kicks off its shoes. The stomach has a fierce thirst on. What does the stomach crave? A Zen martini—the taste of no vermouth.

Clear a space. Consider Vitoyanda the Infinite Gut. Contemplate the space until it becomes the presence of a bottle of vermouth—Tribuno, say (Martini or Cinzano are MadAv death-trips). Then wave the glass at the vermouth that is not vermouth and top it up with vodka. Give the guys in the boiler room a break.



Tuft-Hunting in Africa

*Masola Gdambushwa was born in Igopogo, British West Ruwundi, now the People's Republic of Nazunda, in 1935. He is Nazunda's foremost man of letters, the author of hundreds of stories dealing with the life in his native land. He should have had one of Mr. Nobel's dynamite (literally) prizes long since for **Tales of the Ossawama** and **The Laughing Tsetse**, but, knowing the uptight Swedish Academy, don't hold your breath.*

*The **Tales** are deeply rooted in humanity and the simple wisdom of the earth which we with our superslick Capote-Nabokov-Updike literary establishment seem to have permanently lost sight of. Once you dip in, you'll keep coming back for more.*

Food for Thought

Three friends were walking along the road from Mblojo to Mjlobo. It was a long walk and they became very hungry. Finally, one of them, Mljobo, said, "Well, who has the grub? I mean, let's tie on the feedbag." The second, Mlbojo, said, "But, Mljobo, I thought you were going to bring the eats. I have nothing in my pockets but a Bmlojo [a musical instrument made by cutting holes in a rock] and a couple of Bushman Cards. Say, Mljobo, if you have a Yoruba, I'll trade you two Mandingos for it." At this Mljobo grew sad. "What is to become of us, Mlbojo?" he said. "Are we to starve on the road from Mblojo to Mjlobo?"

"Do not worry, Mljobo," said Mlbojo, playing a couple of notes on his Bmlojo. "Surely Mjbolo has brought something." At this, Mljobo and Mlbojo turned to Mjbolo, the third friend, and said, "Mjbolo, open your Jmbolo [vittle bag] and let's eat!" But Mjbolo, who had a reputation as a sly person, said, "I am sorry, my friends, but my Jmbolo contains nothing but Bljomos [evil spirits]."

When they heard this, Mljobo and Mlbojo set down on the trail and wept. "These are tough bananas," they said, "to die so young and on the road to Mjlobo." But in a while they got up and all three went on their way. Suddenly Mljobo cried, "Look, friends, there is a Jlmobo tree, whence comes the Jlbomo root. We shall have lunch after all!" At this, Mljobo quickly dug up some fine Jlbomo roots and gave them to Mjbolo and Mlbojo. But Mjbolo ate none.

When Mljobo and Mlbojo had finished gorging themselves, Mlbojo said to Mjbolo, "Why do you not eat, Mjbolo?" And Mjbolo said, "I will eat later." Mljobo and Mlbojo laughed at this, for it was many miles to Mjlobo.

Later, as they walked along, Mljobo began to hold his stomach and Mlbojo did the same. "Oh," said Mljobo, "I feel like the owl who has eaten the Norumba nut!" And Mlbojo said, "Oh, I feel like the snake who has drunk the Uranda juice!" Then they both tossed their cassavas in the middle of the trail.

When they had finished being sick, up strode Mjbolo. "Now I eat," he said, bringing out a spoon and dipping it in the mess, "but my lunch is hot!"

Ginsberg, Ginsberg & Ginsberg
Lawyers
(Specialists in fine print.)

letter from a competent freak

Bolinas, Nov. 19th

Dear Mr. Kesey,
abadaba. Abbadabbadabba. Abbadabbabbadabbaab-dababdabdabdabdab. AbdaBBaAbdaBbaBBdabbabba-dabbABBADABBA!

Yours sincerely,
Abba D. Babba.

cc: Paul Krassner

USED KARMA

Lao-T'se said: "Make a great album as you would cook a small fish—gently." Yeah. This is it. An album, simply that. Also, a coming together, a celebration. Final statements by the best of The Best, inspiration by Carmel, one another, Big Sur—the only place left alive in Amerika. Cliffs plunge down to the Pacific, strings and dulcimers float up to the mountaintops. Long tresses stream in the wind, the mist rolls in off the ocean. All the essence of this perfectly reproduced by Acme Sound Systems in Studio C with Joan, Joni, David, Neil, James, Mimi, Kris, Sandy, John, Steve, Graham, Gracie, and many good hearts. Producer, Morty Mandalabaum. All equal, no stars, no strangers. All play for one another, all free. No costly studio musicians. One-take spontaneity. Saves on tape. Good vibes, good dope, twenty-four hours of tape, forty-seven more albums. The Big Survival Kit. The Big Sur Prize. The Big Syringe. Listen to the page.



Good morning robin redbreast on your mountain,
We're brother true and sister you and I.
King and queen of nothing all alone an' sweet and tiny,
Pain is just my way of getting high.

There are tesselated tassels on the corner of my tent,
My watercolor world is scarcely dry.
Silver spider webs along the trail where my man went,
O pain is just my way of getting high.

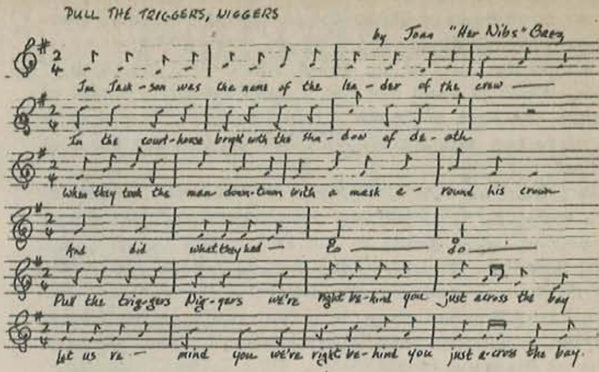
Clouds are all my royalties and leaves are my mechanicals,
I never ask a cent more than the sky.
And I only want the money for some nuts and a Volvo,
Pain is just my way of getting high.

Copyright Soggy Vapors Music 1971

From "Free Like Birds" The Grateful Dead

...Indian rings on my fingers
On my back Alaskan fur
And I'm speeding down the coastway
From Bolinas to Big Sur
On Southeast Asian oil
In a pig-German car
Hash from Tangiers
Cuppa joe from Bogota
And though the copper in my stereo is ripped off from Bolivia
and I couldn't get these stamps if we shared some food with India
MY HEAD IS STRAIGHT
MY HEAD IS STRAIGHT
MY HEAD IS STRAIGHT
(Repeat to end)

Copyright 1971 First National City Music Corporation



Bobby Hutton was his name and his blood was like a flame
that lit the ghetto streets from dawn to dusk.
Fire with fire, eye for eye, truth for truth in the blazing sky
And he dropped the men of darkness as they came.

O pull the triggers
Niggers
We're with you all the way
Just across the bay.
Whether it's in
Oakland or Marin
We're with you all the way
Across the bay.

Now Joan Baez is the name and I've a house by the sea
And though my dream is something less that don't mean I can't say YES
And if I can't be there it doesn't mean that I don't care
So next time off a pig for me, brother, off a pig for me.

O pull the triggers
Niggers
We're right behind you
Just across the bay.
Let us remind we're right behind you
Just across the bay.

Copyright Fortunes Inc. by Joan and David Baez 1971

Other Karmel treats from USED KARMA

California Breadlines—John Stewart

Lemme Get Back to Ya—Leonard Cohen

I'm taking the Stockbridge exit off of the Massachusetts Turnpike turning right onto Route 7 and going a mile down to the intersection with 102 in my mind—James Taylor

Coming Down from Me—Kris "Kristofferson" Kristofferson

Cash across the counterculture

Ten percent of all profits from the proceeds of the sale of this album, due consideration having been made for the producers', directors', distributors', and performers' fees, the party of the third part notwithstanding and all costs incurred during the production and distribution of same, not including incidental expenses incurred by any or all producers, performers, distributors, agents, managers, accountants, lawyers, doctors, tailors, and pre- and post-release publicity expenditure, shall be donated to the Chicano Defense Fund.

Peace Now Records



A Leisure Service of Union Carbide

The Aquarian Age Ain't the Coon's Age

January, a proposition (Prop. #13) rezoning Marin County will be placed on the ballot. This shuck is aimed at turning over vast tracts of Mill Valley to the land-rapists, ecoperverts, and Earthfuckers, under the cynical guise of providing inexpensive, pollution-free housing for hundreds of thousands of inner-city minority groups.

Similar bullshit is being handed down all over the country. Here in Marin we can lead the struggle for survival yet again by stopping this monstrous rip-off in its tracks. Here's why.

The land in question is the people's—not the pig-nation's to fuck over as it pleases. It belongs to us.

The land is settled to just the right capacity at present, if the ecosystem and life-cycles are to be maintained. Any construction *at all* would seriously endanger the prime habitat of the already scarce San Mateo Starling and destroy com*pletely the rare Northern Californian Mud Squid upon which* the entire ecological balance of the area depends. As the Northern Californian Mud Squid goes, so go we. Right now the Mill Valley area is just about balanced for survival—any further resource-users or even gatherers would mean curtains for the county (and because pig-nation land-boundaries are bullshit anyway—the surrounding counties as well, including the inner-city itself. They breathe our trees). It doesn't matter what color the new residents are. They could be purple with green spots—the ecology is color-blind.

The whole-community family structure which is at present being carefully built up would be totally destroyed by the introduction of large groups of unacclimatized individuals. For instance, think of the violence that would be done to whole-community family-structure if a sister were forced into an outmoded nuclear relationship with an unacclimatized out-group male. Then again, think of the damage that would be done to both community and environment by the high waste-production profile of the urban-oriented disadvantaged individual.

In any case, why should some bleeding-heart pig-structure be allowed to fuck with *their* intricate social and tribal loyalties, thus destroying countless cultural traditions particularly in the areas of music, dance, and humor?

Which brings us to the main reason. Marin County, and Mill Valley in particular, is *white*. As we and our black brothers and sisters in the struggle know, any black who willingly seeks the company of whites, especially on a permanent basis, is nothing more than a Tom and a handkerchief head. The whole rip-off is just another attempt by the running-dog capitalists to co-opt black consciousness, obstruct the radicalization of the Third World, and ensure a continuing supply of slave-labor. True radicalization of the black people lies in one direction and one only—not to Mill Valley but back to Africa.

So if you're still into the struggle—keep Mill Valley WHITE. Vote NO on Prop. 13. Power to the people! We are all one! Buddha mitt uns!!

He who has achieved oneness should move on to twoness. --Ken Kesey



FROM Linda Kasabian's Spahn Ranch Cookbook

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. To get to his kidneys, turn right at the colon."

> "Fun proceeds from a barrel of monkeys"
> —Shecky Ch'ien

Tell Unkle Ken

dereunKle

like here in B.C. the backwoods are in bloom imean Nature is a MOTHERFUGGAH clean clean clean ramblingrose had the kid and it caught typhsomething from the water but we scored some smacjk for it and its ok. had to eat Digger last winter he left you his goldtooth loveloveloveloveloveloveloveloveloveloveI einstein and the peabrains

FROM THE WEATHER BUREAU

They looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

—George Orwell, *Animal Farm*

The time has come for us all to face up to the facts and take the right remedy. We are all of us, black and white, brothers and sisters, pigs; and if we have any sense of cosmic rightness left in our bodies, we owe it to humanity to off ourselves.

You know this. You just don't want to face up to it. But if you need some prodding, just remember a couple of these stools from my stool-box:

- If you live *anywhere* in the North American continent, even if you poison nothing, kill nothing, contribute nothing, commune, meditate, you're living on land ripped off from the Indians. You're a pig.
- If you exhale *any* breath, it's mostly carbon dioxide, and if you don't think that's a No. 1 boss poison, try putting a plastic bag over your head sometime and see how long you last, pig.
- If you shit or piss *anywhere* on Earth you're dumping a load of ureic acid on Mother Earth, and ureic acid is one of the basic ingredients of friendly old Mr. PolyUrethane. You pig.
- If your body gives off *any* heat, it contributes to thermal pollution, which in turn is a basic energy degradation that is killing the universe. Goddamn motherfucking pig.
- You're reading this on the corpse of a tree, pig. A cow died to make your fucking belt.

Remember: if you're not part of the final solution, you're part of the problem. But don't go offing yourself half-cocked: if you take poison, it goes right into the environment; I won't even talk about guns; and there's enough gunk in the ocean without you adding to it by jumping off a bridge. I recommend hanging, with hemp, NOT NYLON, rope, over a four-foot-deep hole half-filled with active compost. If you must leave a note, write it on bark.

Of course, suicide is the ultimate ego trip. With my Sufi training I have reduced my ego to the size of the Blessed Peanut and cast it into the Lake of Denial. I am powerless to act.

What's your excuse, pig?

MORE STOOLS FROM MY STOOL-CHEST

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I am cleansed. —Ken Kesey

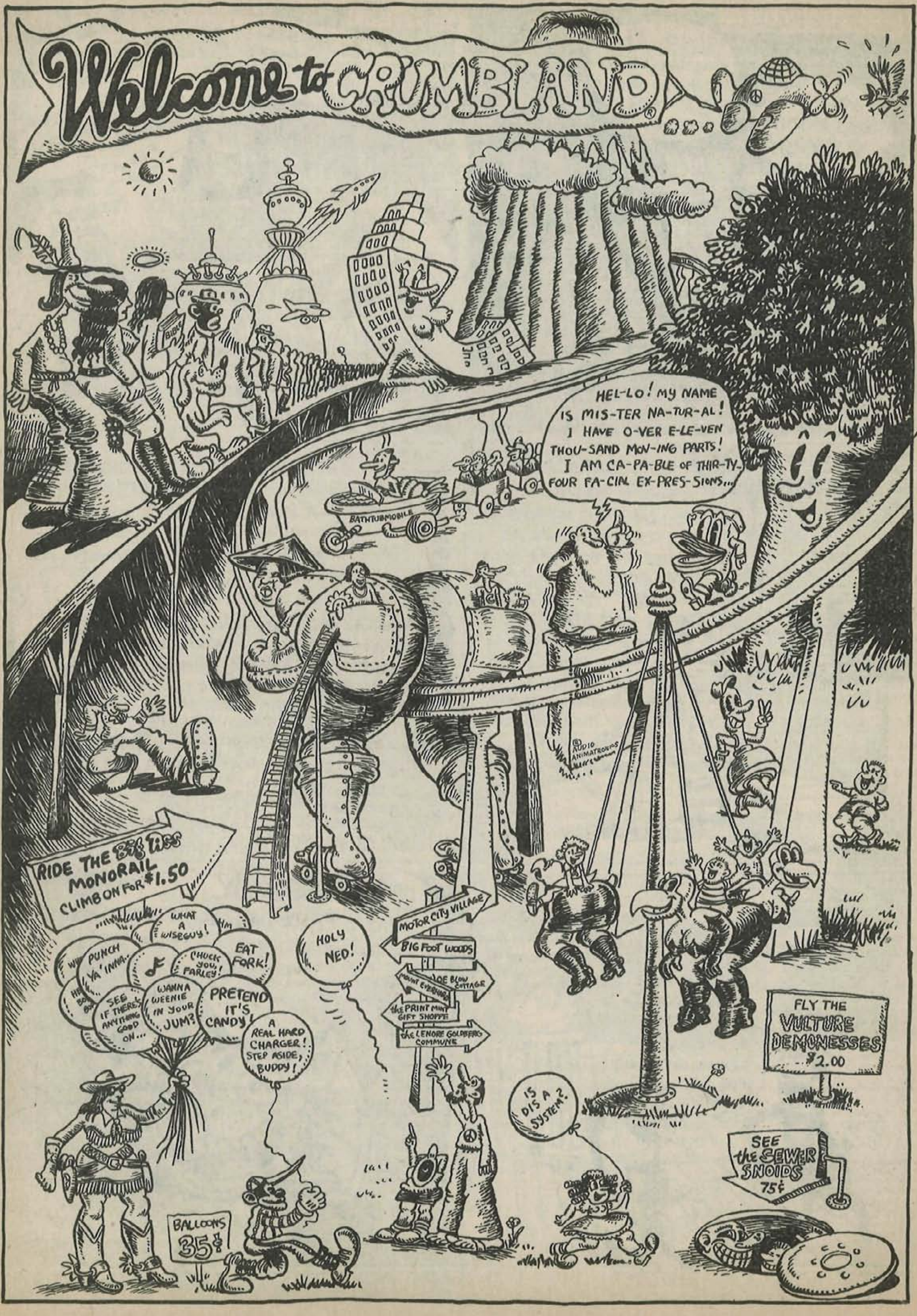
Price Corrections to Previous Catalogs

Item	Price Now Is
A Beginner's Book of Nepalese Knot-Control	$3.50
Abortion: The Martinizing Method	5.95
Asparagus: Nature's Toothbrush	4.50
Building with Baked Potatoes	3.50
Building with Boiled Potatoes	out of print
Christ: Man or Meteorite?	2.50
Cooking with Adobe	out of print
Forgetting Physics	4.95
Forgetting Western History	5.95
The Grocery Store in Your Woodwork	6.50
Ku F'ang: The Chinese Art of Giving Hitsies and Nougies	7.75
Natural Existence: Vol. II, Live Like a Chigger	14.50
Natural Existence: Vol. III, Live Like a Rock	14.50
Putting Your Warts to Work	6.50
The Wit and Wisdom of Milkweeds	7.95
Bury My Hard-On at Wounded Knee	3.95
1972 Sears-Roebuck Catalog	free

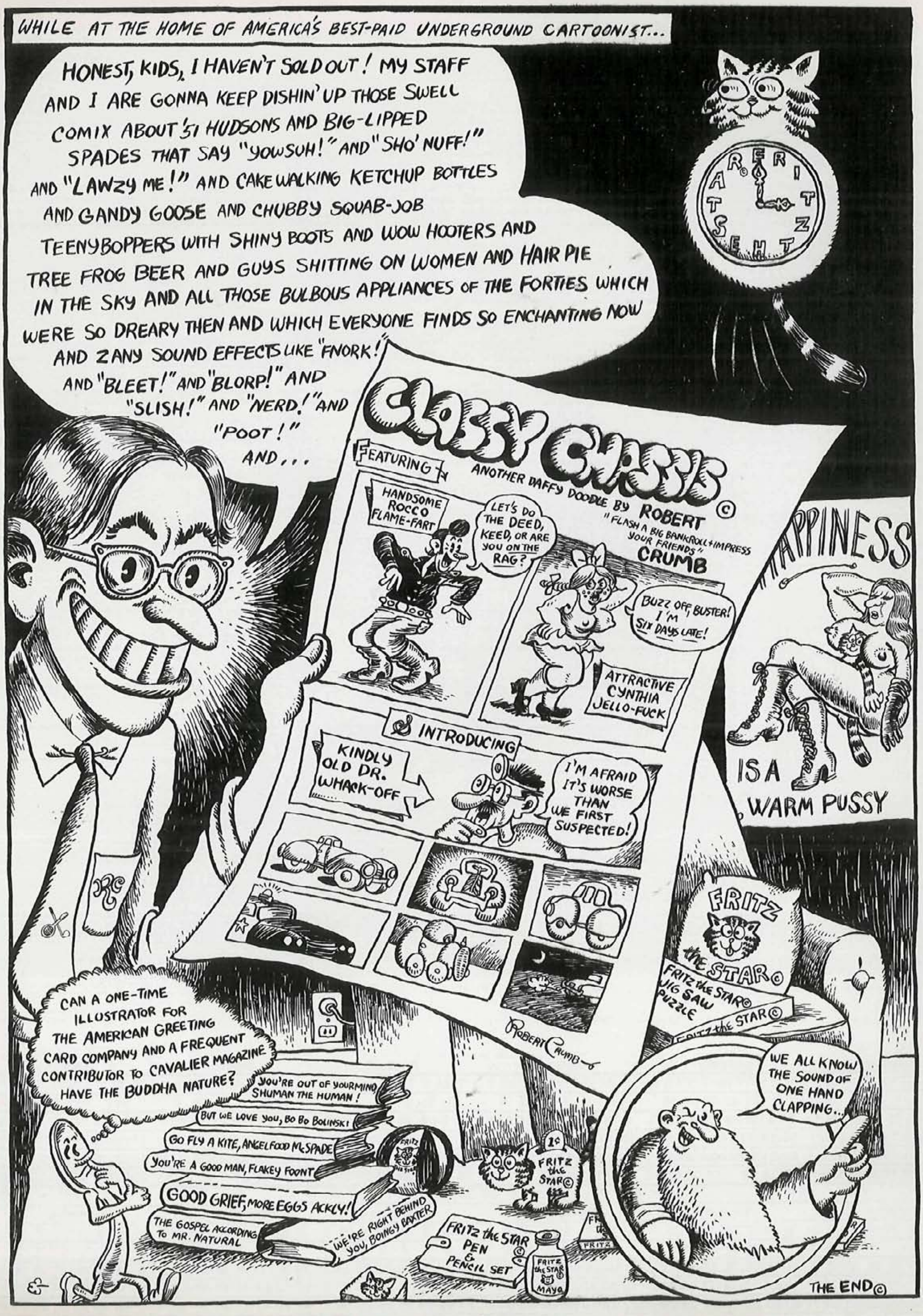


FAT CAT FUNNIES Presents
HE'S NEAT 'N' NIFTY!
I STAND GUARD AGAINST AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS!
AUTOGRAPHS
FRITZ the STAR©
in "KITTY GLITTER"
WRITTEN BY
MICHAEL "WRITE AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME" O'DONOGHUE
DRAWN BY
RANDALL "DRAW ME AND WIN A FREE ART SCHOLARSHIP" ENOS
FRITZ CLIMBS THE LADDER TO STARDOM....
The New York Times
FRITZ THE CAT MADE INTO MILLION-DOLLAR MOVIE
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
X-RATED CARTOON SPELLS BIG BUX AT BOX OFFICE
AND IT AIN'T LUCKY BUCKS!
AT FIRST HE'S AN UNKNOWN....
NUMBER ONE, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
MY NAME IS FRITZ THE STAR©!
NUMBER TWO, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
MY NAME IS FRITZ THE STAR©!
AND NUMBER THREE, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
MY NAME IS FRITZ THE STAR©!
SOON, HE BECOMES A TALK-SHOW REGULAR..
GOSH, MERV, I JUST GOT BACK FROM AN EXTENSIVE SPEAKING TOUR OF AMERICAN COLLEGES AND I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT 99% OF THOSE KIDS ARE TERRIFIC AND IT'S JUST THE 1% OF HARD-CORE TROUBLEMAKERS THAT'S GIVING TODAY'S YOUTH A BLACK EYE! AS FOR MY NEW MOVIE...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
GEE, JOHNNY, I'M ALL FOR WOMEN'S LIBERATION! I THINK THEY SHOULD GET EQUAL PAY! BUT AS FOR THESE BRA-BURNING KOOKS— MOST OF THEM COULDN'T LAND A MAN ANYWAY!
GETTING BACK TO MY NEW MOVIE...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
WELL, DICK, I DO BELIEVE THAT THE MARIJUANA LAWS ARE TOO HARSH! OF COURSE, I NEVER USE "POT" MYSELF BECAUSE I'M HIGH ON LIFE! NOW LET'S ROLL THAT CLIP FROM MY NEW MOVIE...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
THEN, A CO-HOST....
AND I TELL THEM, MIKE, IF THEY WANT TO CHANGE THE SYSTEM, THEY SHOULD GET OUT THERE AND REGISTER TO VOTE! IT'S ALL VERY EASY TO TEAR DOWN BUT...
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
COPYRIGHT © 1971, 1972 BY APEX NOVELTIES FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.


HE DOES COMMERCIALS...
AND NOW, HERE'S FRITZ FOR 9 LIVES!
WHAT DO WE HOLLYWOOD STARS LOOK FOR IN A CAT FOOD? WELL ---
...RALLIES...
THANK YOU, BARBRA! FIRST OF ALL, I'D LIKE TO SAY HOW HONORED I AM TO BE HERE TONIGHT AND LEND MY SUPPORT TO SENATOR McCLOSKEY, A MAN WHO, IN MY OPINION, IS NOT ONLY A FINE...
...TELETHONS...
THIS IS "BOOTS"! BOOTS HAS CYSTITIS! THIS YEAR, BOOTS AND THOUSANDS OF KITTENS LIKE HIM WILL DIE BECAUSE THE MONEY FOR MUCH-NEEDED CYSTITIS RESEARCH IS NOT AVAILABLE! HI, I'M FRITZ THE STAR© SPEAKING FOR THE NATIONAL CYSTITIS FOUNDATION AND URGING YOU TO JOIN WITH US IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST THIS...
WXYZ
...UNTIL FINALLY...
HOW ABOUT THOSE HIPPIES? I SAW ONE THE OTHER DAY—DIRTY SWEAT SHIRT, JEANS, LONG DIRTY HAIR, A BEARD—I MEAN, SHE LOOKED AWFUL! BUT THAT'S THE BIG THING NOW—BEARDS! IT'S A SYMBOL OF ALL THOSE REVOLTING AGAINST SOCIETY! "REVOLTING," I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU'D CALL IT! OF COURSE, THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT BEING A HIPPIE —YOU'RE NEVER GONNA MISS AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL 'CAUSE YOU'RE IN THE SHOWER! AND TALK ABOUT CRAZY, MIXED-UP KIDS! I KNOW ONE HIPPIE WHO'S A MASOCHIST—TAKES BATHS! BUT THOSE HIPPIES ARE REALLY SOMETHING! THEY HAVE A NEW HERO—SANTA CLAUS! HE DOESN'T SHAVE AND ONLY WORKS ONE DAY A YEAR! BUT ALL KIDDING ASIDE, FOLKS, I'D LIKE TO BRING ON ONE OF MY FAVORITE CATS TO PRESENT THE AWARD FOR BEST SUPPORTING CARTOON CHARACTER—A GREAT ANIMAL AND A GREAT CARTOON CHARACTER IN HIS OWN RIGHT—FRITZ THE STAR©!
SOME CATS DON'T MAKE THE GRADE...
THEY TOLD ME I JUST WASN'T STAR MATERIAL! ANY LUCK, PAT?
CASTING CALL
MALE CAT NEEDED FOR X-RATED CARTOON
NO DICE, WALDO! THEY SAID I'M TOO OLD FOR THE PART!
HELLO AGAIN! THIS IS FRITZ THE STAR© WELCOMING YOU TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF CRUMB!
SEE IT ALL AT OUR NEW AMUSEMENT PARK CONVENIENTLY LOCATED ON 160 ACRES SMACK IN THE HEART OF BIG SUR!



Welcome to CRUMBLAND®...
BIBLE
BATHTUBMOBILE
HEL-LO! MY NAME IS MIS-TER NA-TUR-AL! I HAVE O-VER E-LE-VEN THOU-SAND MOV-ING PARTS! I AM CA-PA-BLE OF THIR-TY-FOUR FA-CIAL EX-PRES-SIONS...
© AUDIO ANIMATRONICS
RIDE THE Big Ass MONORAIL CLIMB ON FOR $1.50
WHAT A WISEGUY!
EAT FORK!
PUNCH YA'INNA...
CHUCK YOU, FARLEY!
SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING GOOD ON...
WANNA WEENIE IN YOUR JUM?
PRETEND IT'S CANDY!
A REAL HARD CHARGER! STEP ASIDE, BUDDY!
HOLY NED!
MOTOR CITY VILLAGE
BIG FOOT WOODS
MOUNT EVERHARD
JOE BLOW COTTAGE
the PRINT MINT GIFT SHOPPE
the LENORE GOLDBERG COMMUNE
FLY THE VULTURE DEMONESSES ..$2.00
IS DIS A SYSTEM?
SEE the SEWER SNOIDS 75¢
BALLOONS 35¢



WHILE AT THE HOME OF AMERICA'S BEST-PAID UNDERGROUND CARTOONIST...
HONEST, KIDS, I HAVEN'T SOLD OUT! MY STAFF AND I ARE GONNA KEEP DISHIN' UP THOSE SWELL COMIX ABOUT '51 HUDSONS AND BIG-LIPPED SPADES THAT SAY "YOWSUH!" AND "SHO' NUFF!" AND "LAWZY ME!" AND CAKEWALKING KETCHUP BOTTLES AND GANDY GOOSE AND CHUBBY SQUAB-JOB TEENYBOPPERS WITH SHINY BOOTS AND WOW HOOTERS AND TREE FROG BEER AND GUYS SHITTING ON WOMEN AND HAIR PIE IN THE SKY AND ALL THOSE BULBOUS APPLIANCES OF THE FORTIES WHICH WERE SO DREARY THEN AND WHICH EVERYONE FINDS SO ENCHANTING NOW AND ZANY SOUND EFFECTS LIKE "FNORK!" AND "BLEET!" AND "BLORP!" AND "SLISH!" AND "NERD!" AND "POOT!" AND...
FRITZ THE STAR
CLASSY CHASSIS
FEATURING
ANOTHER DAFFY DOODLE BY ROBERT "FLASH A BIG BANKROLL + IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS" CRUMB ©
HANDSOME ROCCO FLAME-FART
LET'S DO THE DEED, KEED, OR ARE YOU ON THE RAG?
BUZZ OFF, BUSTER! I'M SIX DAYS LATE!
ATTRACTIVE CYNTHIA JELLO-FUCK
INTRODUCING
KINDLY OLD DR. WHACK-OFF
I'M AFRAID IT'S WORSE THAN WE FIRST SUSPECTED!
ROBERT CRUMB
HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUSSY
RC
FRITZ the STAR ©
FRITZ the STAR © JIG SAW PUZZLE
FRITZ the STAR ©
CAN A ONE-TIME ILLUSTRATOR FOR THE AMERICAN GREETING CARD COMPANY AND A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO CAVALIER MAGAZINE HAVE THE BUDDHA NATURE?
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND SHUMAN THE HUMAN!
BUT WE LOVE YOU, BO BO BOLINSKI
GO FLY A KITE, ANGELFOOD McSPADE
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, FLAKEY FOONT
GOOD GRIEF, MORE EGGS ACKLY!
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MR. NATURAL
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BOINGY BAXTER
FRITZ the STAR © PEN & PENCIL SET
FRITZ the STAR MAYO
1¢ FRITZ the STAR ©
WE ALL KNOW THE SOUND OF ONE HAND CLAPPING...
THE END ©



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photo by Larry Couzens

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Che Guevara's Bolivian Diaries

(Editor's note: Following the world-wide shock and mourning over the reported death of Ernesto "Che" Guevara by a Bolivian Army firing squad, the personal diaries of the revolutionary's tragic and abortive attempt to overthrow the oppressive Barrientos regime quickly became a classic text on guerilla warfare. However, recent chemical analysis of these documents have revealed minute traces of ketchup and A.1. Sauce ingrained in the paper, two substances Che himself denounced in an article on field kitchen maintenance for the Chinese news magazine Ping An *as "reactionary and counterrevolutionary condiments fit only for bourgeois pigs and their revisionist cookouts." Other telltale clues belie the authenticity of the "diaries" as well, specifically the close attention given to spelling and grammar. Simultaneously with the discovery of this cruel hoax,* NatLampCo *News Service Latin American correspondent Douglas Kenney recently discovered the authentic manuscript outside the La Paz airport, where its pages were being employed as wrappers by an illiterate taco vendor. Craftily obtaining the documents from the simple peasant in return for some beads, hand mirrors, and assorted trinkets, newshound Kenney returned stateside immediately with the diaries, only then realizing that his wallet was missing.* NatLampCo *is proud to publish these historic footnotes to the brave* rebelde*'s work, and hopes that they may fan the flames of global indignation against tyranny, oppression, and greaser pickpockets.)*

Noviembre 7

At long last, our little band has touched Bolivian soil! The flight from Havana was uneventful, although every one of us stretched our revolutionary discipline to the limit fighting down the urge to jump out of our seats, rush to the cockpit and stick a *pistola* in the pilot's ear. In fact, Marcos, my hot-blooded second-in-command, did, at one point, lose control and leap from his seat shouting, "¡Prende ce avion o Cuba!" Luckily Marcos' seat belt was still fastened and his attention diverted by a double hernia long enough for Tanya, our East German *compañera,* to whisper that the plane was still *in* Havana and stuff an air-sickness bag in his mouth.

Marcos and I supervised the unloading of our baggage. We are posing as a Mexican mariachi band, our tools of war cloaked in the guise of musical instruments. Unfortunately, one of the customs officials discovered that our bass-fiddle case contained a Russian-made YD-47 heavy mortar. Thinking quickly, I put my mouth to the barrel and, with no little difficulty, improvised a few bars of "*Beso Me Mucho*" until his suspicions were allayed. There was, in addition, a tense moment when a porter accidentally pulled the pin on one of our maracas, but, as fate would have it, the device was of Bulgarian manufacture and failed to explode.

After breaking our fast (and one of my fillings) with tacos bought from a little peasant vendor outside the airport, Tanya, Marcos, Pombo, Camba, and I hailed taxis and directed them to our secret hideout in the trackless jungles of Nancahuazu. As we drive, Marcos, a swaggering adventurer who even apes the way I curl my beard, looks over my shoulder as I write in my diary, hoping to steal some good lines for his own. You are an idiot, Marcos, and it is no wonder that your publisher wouldn't give you an advance.

Noviembre 8

We have arrived at Nancahuazu, a forbidding jungle valley in the Cono Sur region. There is much to be done here. I have sent Pombo and Camba out in search of game, and Marcos out in search of them both to make sure they do not break discipline and bring the animal back unfit to eat. Men without women—an old story. I have also sent Tanya back to La Paz in search of my wallet, which I *know* I had before we ate those tacos.

Noviembre 9

Tanya has already done much to make the old farmhouse comfortable. She has set up an elaborate wire clothesline in the surrounding palms and amuses herself by sitting under it prattling to her vanity case in that husky baritone I have come to love. When she tires of this game, she will adjust her wig (an early illness has left her with a permanent crew-cut) and lumber off to her pet pigeons, first attaching shiny metal capsules to their feet for ballast. This morning, in a burst of feminine exuberance, she climbed hand over hand to the top of our hideout with a bucket of red paint in her teeth and decorated the roof with a gay bull's-eye.

At least there is one in whom I can have confidence.

Noviembre 10

Our first contact with the peasant population. Pombo was roasting a jaguar and Camba was occupied trying to kill it, when the noise attracted a passing worker returning from the distant tin mines. I ordered him to stop and fired over his head, barely creasing the scalp. With that, four others who had been watching shyly behind some acacias ran toward us in joyful recognition, shouting, "¡Non fuere, non nos muertos, por favor señor!" ["All hail the glorious revolution!"—*Ed.*] Now that we had won the confidence of these ragged but plucky recruits, I told them that they would be the nucleus of a people's army which would one day overthrow the corrupt Barrientos dictatorship and free its victims from conditions of exploitation indistinguishable from the Middle Ages. Childlike, they stood dumbly at first, too overwhelmed with pride to speak. I triggered a volley high over their knees to loosen their tongues, and, as one man, they raised their hands over their heads in agreement and enthusiastically emptied their pockets.

Now we are ten.

Noviembre 13

Excellent news has come in a coded newscast from Radio Havana. Fidel tells us that Bertrand Russell and Jean-Paul Sartre have espoused our cause and will marshal support for us throughout the European Left. Not only will this shower us with arms

continued

continued

and followers, but, if they agree to coauthor the introduction, my diary sales should be boosted by easily fifty thousand copies. Perhaps we can get out another printing of my other book as well (*One Hundred and Fifty Questions to a Guerilla*, People's Press, Havana, Cuba. Seventy pesos, hard-cover, thirty pesos, soft-cover.)

There is bad news as well. The peasants grow restive, making unreasonable and petty demands for food and water. The jaguar is gone, and has taken most of our rations with him. All that is left are open-face iguana sandwiches and pineapple soup. Even I found myself forcing down a bottle of Coca-Cola, the vile *maté* of *yanqui* imperialists. Although the foul liquid made me gag, I noticed an odd aftertaste that I could not dispel. A half hour later I found myself having another, and yet another. This is foolish counterrevolutionary weakness on my part, and I will steel myself against it.

But I suppose it can't hurt to kill the six-pack.

Noviembre 28

A visitor. Regis Debray, the famous French war groupie, has come with more happy news. *L'Express* has finally agreed to my price for the prepublication rights, and there is talk of a series based on our adventures for French television. But this matter must rest until more important tasks are completed—negotiations are stalled with Marboro for my poster, and Gomez, my agent, says Timex is still sitting on the wristwatch. Accordingly, I have radioed Gomez that they can make my arms go backwards and use "It's Counterrevolutionary!" as the sales gimmick.

¡Viva la revolución!

Diciembre 1

Dissension. Again the men complain about the lack of food, and the seasonal rains have begun causing widespread diarrhea, making our movements plain to the enemy. Ha ha, a joke, *si*? As Mao has written, "In times of hunger, one jest can be worth a hundred bowls of rice, particularly if you have no bowls of rice anyway." The men have taken to routinely disobeying orders, and frequently have to be disciplined for pillow-fighting after lights-out. If this seems harsh, it must be remembered that for pillows, true guerrillas use logs.

Marcos' patrol has returned with word of an enemy encampment not five kilometers from where we stand. Tonight we meet to plan an ambush and vote on whether or not to eat Tanya's pigeons.

Marcos reports the enemy has Coca-Cola!

Diciembre 2

The euphoria of victory! The ambush is a success despite a minor tactical blunder that decimated our forces. This morning, before our column advanced on the enemy, I told Gamba to (1) scout the trail ahead, (2) set up the ambush down river, and (3) organize a perimeter defense. Misunderstanding my orders, he (1) wandered aimlessly into the jungle, (2) became hopelessly lost, and (3) fell asleep. Nevertheless, Gamba's piece accidentally discharged as he collapsed, and the enemy was wiped out to a man in the ensuing, pointless crossfire. The dead were stripped of their uniforms and equipment, but little in the way of weapons were recovered save a few pocketknives and BB pistols. However, we managed to salvage a portable cooler full of Coca-Cola, a beverage I am finding more and more to my liking.

¡Hasta la Victoria Siempre!

Diciembre 4

Radio La Paz reports that a search party is being organized to locate a troop of Eagle Scouts that has failed to return from an overnight camping trip in the Nancahuazu region.

¡Oops!

Diciembre 10

The rains have begun again, and there is much wheezing and sniffling. Not to mention whining. We have run out of Contac. The men are hungry and are reduced to boiled hand-grenades. Tanya still refuses to let us at the pigeons and spends most of her time talking to her vanity case. Neither will she sleep with me, although I have pursued her for these many weeks. Do all East German women have such long periods? It is very strange. Perhaps that is why so many of their men jump over the Wall.

Also, the mosquitoes plague us by night. They are of immense size and their constant buzzing robs us of our sleep. So used are we to their continual presence that it was not until an hour ago that I realized via Radio La Paz that our positions are being bombed and strafed nightly by Bolivian helicopters.

There is no more Coca-Cola and I notice my hands are trembling.

Diciembre 15

Rain.

Diciembre 16

Rain.

Diciembre 17

Rain.

Diciembre 18

Our first loss. Camba, as usual, fell asleep on guard duty with his mouth open and drowned.

Diciembre 22

Marcos relates a wonderful dream he had last night. He dreamt that in three weeks we will march triumphantly into the capital leading ten thousand soldiers. The gates open before us without a shot being fired, and in the plaza we are greeted by throngs of delirious well-wishers. Little children stringing garlands around our gun mounts dance beside our armored cars, and the old ones weep with joy, singing the old songs again, shrieking the old shrieks. At the top step of the palace, Barrientos himself is standing meekly. Head lowered, he offers his sword, but, in the tradition of the great *generals*, I refuse it and shoot off his kneecaps. Then, arm in arm, Marcos, Pombo, Tanya, and I walk into the palace, where we are given champagne, caviar, cigars and certificates good for ten rubdowns at the Nogales Health Spa. We get unlimited room service. We can put our feet up on the desks. No one cares if we don't make the bed. The phone rings and it's Fidel congratulating us and asking us if we can spare a fiver. We live happily ever after, and our story is made into a major motion picture starring John Wayne, Omar Sharif, Steve McQueen, and Candy Bergen. We get 10 percent of the gross.

This is a good dream.

Diciembre 23

Marcos has had another dream. Harold Stassen is sworn in as President of the United States aboard the S.S. *Titanic*, while overhead floats the Hindenburg piloted by Amelia Earhart and Wiley Post, who are being married by Judge Crater and about to embark on a two-week honeymoon in Atlantis.

We must always be on guard against such idle, bourgeois fantasy.

Enero 2

More bad news from Havana. Sartre's and Russell's appeal to Europe's revolutionary youth has brought little gold to our war chest. However, Fidel has cheered us by forwarding a petition of support from the fifth-grade class of the People's Primary School in East Berlin containing twenty-eight signatures and a pledge of two weeks' milk money. In addition, we have, to date, received thirty-six inquiries from Sorbonne PolySci majors requesting information for their doctoral theses.

Also, Gomez writes that the watch gimmick didn't go over and Debray has received a letter from the French television network rejecting the series idea. They claim it wouldn't stand a chance against "Hogan's Heroes."

This afternoon, as a demonstration of their affection for their liberators, the peasants have deserted.

Enero 5
More rain today. Once again the men are racked with diarrhea and our patrols are frequently halted, as marching is difficult with everyone's pants down around his ankles. Our situation is desperate. We have also run out of air freshener.

Enero 6
The diarrhea grows worse. We have run out of corks as well.

Enero 14
The extremity of our need has driven us to reckless adventurism. Last evening, under the cover of a moonless night and some captured Airwicks, we stole into the little town of Palamos and attacked the local *farmacia*. Suddenly, many guns opened up on us and we were caught in an ambush of Bolivian soldiers before we could get to the Kaopectate. How could they have known? Luckily, we escaped with our lives, although several of us have suffered flesh wounds from kamikaze pigeons. The men begin to grumble and, in their rush to blame others for their own tactical mistakes, cast suspicious eyes towards Tanya, who, by the way, says her period will soon be over and we can begin heavy petting.

Nevertheless, the men must be pacified, and our now-routine diet of stuffed mortar rounds has been supplemented with squab.

Enero 17
No Cokes for three days. My hands are shaky and my knees are weak. I am itching like a man on a fuzzy tree. Delirious. I cannot go on unless I have another. Soon. A peasant in the village will deal with me—one rifle, one six-pack.

Soon the sentries will be sleeping.

Enero 18
The camp is in an uproar. Someone slipped past the guards last night and stole six rifles. No one is above suspicion, and as an example to the rest, I shot Pombo through the foot with the remaining rifle.

Marcos has been stirring up trouble again. He is jealous of my deal with *Playboy* for the "Che" tie clips and billfolds. If we take the capital by spring, I tease him, the *norteamericanos* will be forced to recognize Cuba and I can plug my book on the Juannie Carson show. This is another of those jests I have previously described. But Marcos persists in disobeying my orders, and was absent for bed check. I was forced to discipline Marcos and order him to stand in the corner for three hours. However, there was another helicopter raid last night and there are no corners left in the camp. I made him stand in the latrine instead. Barefoot.

Enero 19
Today we planned the major thrust of our campaign. The time is ripe for decisive action, for the men grow listless waiting around to be picked off by snipers. Marcos, impetuous romantic that he is, foolishly proposed striking at the U.S.-owned oil refineries at Camari, while the rest of our dwindling brotherhood wished to march on the United Fruit Company complex in Fuelga, in the hopes of cadging some bananas from the Fruits. Another jest. One of Mao's favorites.

After several hours of democratic discussion, I rapped my rifle butt (which serves in this rough-and-ready forum as a gavel) on Marcos' head and settled the matter. Tomorrow we set out for La Nosa, the industrial nerve-center of *yanqui* colonialism in Bolivia. Also, the largest Coca-Cola bottling plant in the southern hemisphere.

Onward!

Enero 20
A black day.

It began well enough. The men who had not been carried off by the jaguar were roused from their trees at dawn, and by noon we were gliding stealthily down Highway 42 to La Nosa, stopping only to eat, sleep or loot an occasional *cantina*. My brave *compañeros* were in high spirits, and several times I reprimanded them for exuberantly singing what has become our song of battle, the "Bataan Death March." When we neared La Nosa, I divided our force into three squads —Pombo was to move his men around to the left flank and pretend to scavenge for 2-cent-deposit bottles, and Marcos was assigned to assault the main gate under the cover of the guardhouse searchlights. It fell to me and Tanya to wait behind a granite outcropping and shout hearty advice and encouragement.

We waited until dusk, and at precisely 0800 hours I gave the signal to move out. At 0810 I gave the signal to shoot anyone still cringing behind the trees, and the attack was underway. As Pombo's unit moved into the clearing, a company of Bolivian infantry opened fire, chopping Pombo and his men into *paella*. Immediately, I sensed that something had gone wrong. As if to confirm my suspicions, Marcos' men advanced to the gate and were cut to ribbons. Marcos himself barely escaped with his life, shielding his body with a Coca-Cola cooler, and scrambled back to our position covered with thick, sticky fluid. Despite my hopes, it was not his blood, but the sight of a five-foot-two-inch, 120-pound Cuban running at breakneck speed with a quarter-ton vending machine under his arm did, at least, distract General Orvando's soldiers long enough to make good our escape.

As we struggled back to our base, it became obvious that we were being observed, because whoever lead our column was periodically shot between the eyes. This obstacle to our progress led to an animated debate among the survivors as to who next was to become the first, or "point man," for the remainder of our withdrawal. Marcos, unwilling to obey both my orders that he lead *and* continue to carry the Coke machine on his back, suggested that we confuse them by walking backwards.

And this man, I tell you, was not only free to walk the streets of Havana, but to drive an automobile.

Enero 21
All hope has vanished. They surrounded us as we slept. We are out of ammo, the men are threatening to eat Debray and Pombo is acting suspiciously despite his death in my previous entry. I think I, too, am feeling weary of the chase. Poor Tanya. So deranged is she by the rout that she now only croons to her case, even while the artillery rounds, as if by magic, slowly find the range on our positions. They are coming for Che. The noose is tightened, and soon, the fascists think, Che will be captured, shot against a peasant wall and dragged through the muddy streets like a slaughtered goat.

I look at Marcos, sleeping peacefully now that I have clubbed him into insensibility, and I think of how many dreams we shared together during the Cuban revolution, how he looked up to me like an older brother, copying everything about me, and how proud he would be, were he conscious, to know that I have just traded identity papers with him, shaved, and covered my head with one of Tanya's shawls, which she soon will no longer be needing, I can personally assure you. Then, over the river and through the woods, who knows? Maybe my cousin in Buenos Aires who works at the you-know-what factory will hide me.

Che *must* live, for wherever the people are ground under the heel of *yanqui* imperialism, my spirit must be with them, whether it be in Rio de Janeiro, Tahiti or Acapulco. Soon, a new dawn, a red dawn, will give light to the world, and perhaps these few small things I have done to hasten that day will be remembered, particularly if Dalton Trumbo (*Spartacus*, *Viva Zapata*) agrees to rough out the shooting script. *Che Lives*? . . . *The Che Guevara Story*? . . . *A Che for All Seasons*? . . . *I Remember Che*? . . . *Viva Che*? . . . *A Che Is Born*? . . . □



Do You See a Face in the Tree?

Take this simple tes
Examine the photograph on thi
page; after a few moments o
concentration, does the profil
of a face seem to appear on th
left side of the tree? If so, you'r
one of the select group o
special people (studies sho
that an individual with this gi
appears only *once* every minute
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ten or fifteen seconds before i
actually did! Or have you eve
been sure that you were going t
get a dial tone *before you eve*
picked up the phone? Or hear
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told you an elevator was abou
to arrive

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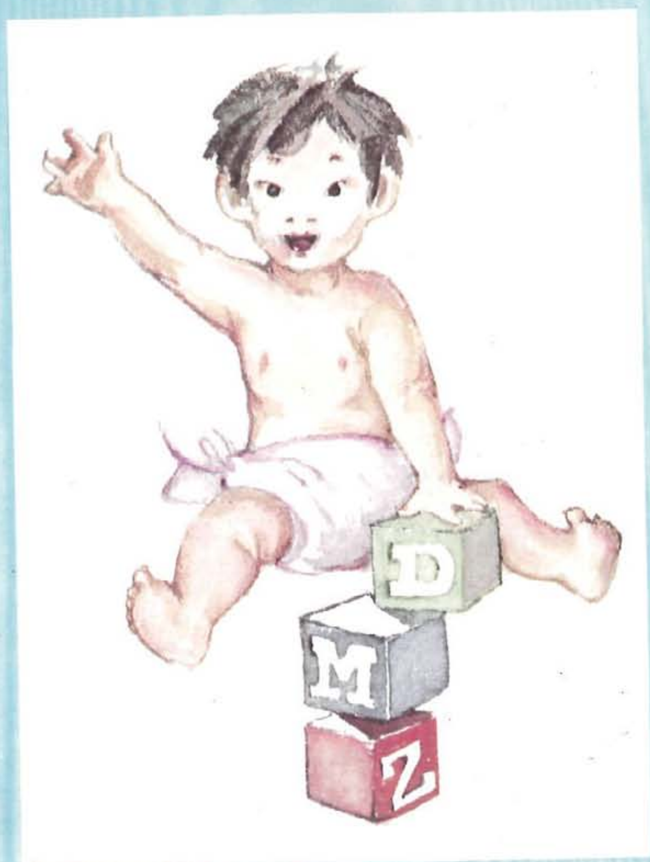
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The Vietnamese



BABY BOOK

by Michael O'Donoghue



Baby Arrives

We proudly present

Name: Ngoc Tran Binh

Born on: Saturday day

at morning o'clock

Date: August 8, 1970

City or Hamlet: Dien Pho

Province: Quang Tin

Hospital:

Doctor:

Nurse:

About Mother

Name: Thi Son Binh

Background: 17 year old. Mother and papa dead. 2 brother and 1 sister dead. 1 brother missing. All aunt and uncle dead. Had friend but he now dead also.

About Father

Name: ?

Background: Blond, tall, with Heart of Purple. Many tattoo on arms. Would know more but it hard too see in alley and he knock me cold before I get look good.

Baby's Handprint







Doctor's Note—The extensive use of powerful herbicides and defoliants in our country has brought about many interesting changes in the human body. There is no reason, however, just because your baby didn't come with both kidneys or all ten toes, that he can't live a content and useful life.

Illustrations by Newton Meyers

Feeding Baby

( ) Breast (x) Bottle

Comments: Chose to feed bottle way because Berets of Green off cut my breasts when they interrogate me.

Progress Report

The following age classifications are approximate because wide variations occur within normal limits. Fill in the ages at which your baby achieves the stages of development listed below.

	Age
Four Weeks Old:	
Able to whimper	3 wk.
Three Months Old:	
Able to cringe	2½ mo.
Eligible to vote for Thieu	Registered
Six Months Old:	
First nightmares	9 mo.
One Year Old:	
Able to limp unaided	14 mo.
Fifteen Months Old:	
Able to dive for cover	16 mo.
Says first words	14½ mo.
Two Years Old:	
Knows bombing raids without being warned	
Three Years Old:	
Able to treat own wounds	
Four Years Old:	
Able to pimp	
Five Years Old:	
Able to deal smack	
Ready to support self	

Weight Chart

	lbs.	ozs.		lbs.	ozs.
Birth	8	2	12 Weeks	6	9
1 Week	8	1	13 Weeks	6	7
2 Weeks	7	15	14 Weeks	6	6
3 Weeks	7	11	4 Months	6	6
4 Weeks	7	10	5 Months	6	3
5 Weeks	7	7	6 Months	6	2
6 Weeks	7	4	1 Year	5	12
7 Weeks	7	1	18 Months		
8 Weeks	7	0.	2 Years		
9 Weeks	6	14	3 Years		
10 Weeks	6	11	4 Years		
11 Weeks	6	9	5 Years		

What to Name the Baby

Name	Meaning
Xich	"vendor of poppy dust"
Tre	"avoider of pungee sticks"
Thap	"maimed"
Sau	"product of gang rape"
Nhanh	"one who can walk"
Trong	"body bag"
Dat	"favorite of the brothel"
Hoa	"from the free-fire zone"
Mooc	"detector of land mines"
Ba	"third base"

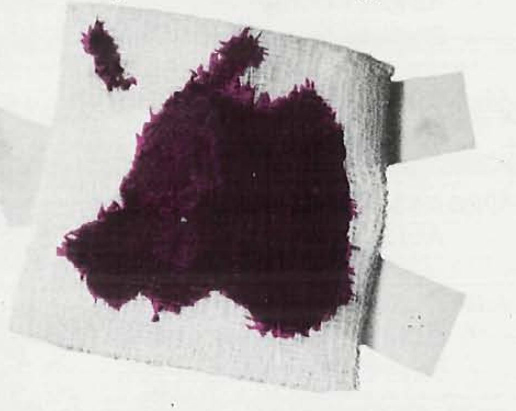
Baby's First Word

Date: Oct. 22, 1971
First Word: Medic

Baby's First Wound

Date: Oct. 22, 1971
Treated by: Cross of Red
Scars: 3 inches gash upon right shoul
Comments: Got catched in crossfire.

Attach Sample of First Dressing Here



Ask the Doctor



Q: Although my little girl is over four years old, she still continues to suck her stump. I've tried everything to get her to quit but without success. What can I do?

A: Sucking the stump is a common problem and nothing to be alarmed about. I suggest you try dipping her stump in alum before bedtime and periodically throughout the day. A few weeks of such treatment should put an end to this annoying habit.

Q: What can be done about a child who persists in bleeding in bed? When I nag and scold about it, he turns a deaf ear (his right). Punishment only makes the problem worse.

A: Rubber sheets seem called-for here. Once a child has made up his mind to bleed in bed, little more can be done than to sit tight and hope he outgrows it.

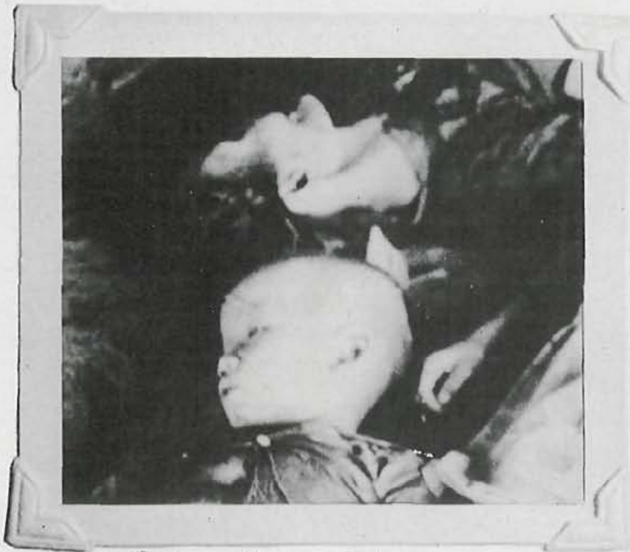
Dr. Huynh Duc Tuan

Address all inquiries about your baby's medical problems to Ask the Doctor, c/o the Yen-Hoc Publishing Co., 242, Vo Di Nguy St., Gia Dinh, Saigon Province.

Snapshots



Ngoc and me



After the raid

Nursery Rhymes

Willy Calley, pudding and pie,
Shot the boys and made them die.
When the girls came to surrender,
Willy just ignored their gender.

Baa, baa, black market,
Have you any scag?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Would you like a bag?
Some for the master-sergeant,
Some for the pain,
Some for the hooker
Who goes down in the lane.

Monday's child is born dead.
Tuesday's child is underfed.
Wednesday's child is full of junk.
Thursday's child's a burning monk.
Friday's child is lame and blinded.
Saturday's child is feeble-minded.
But the children born on Sunday
Will be tossed in mass graves one day.

Baby's First Funeral

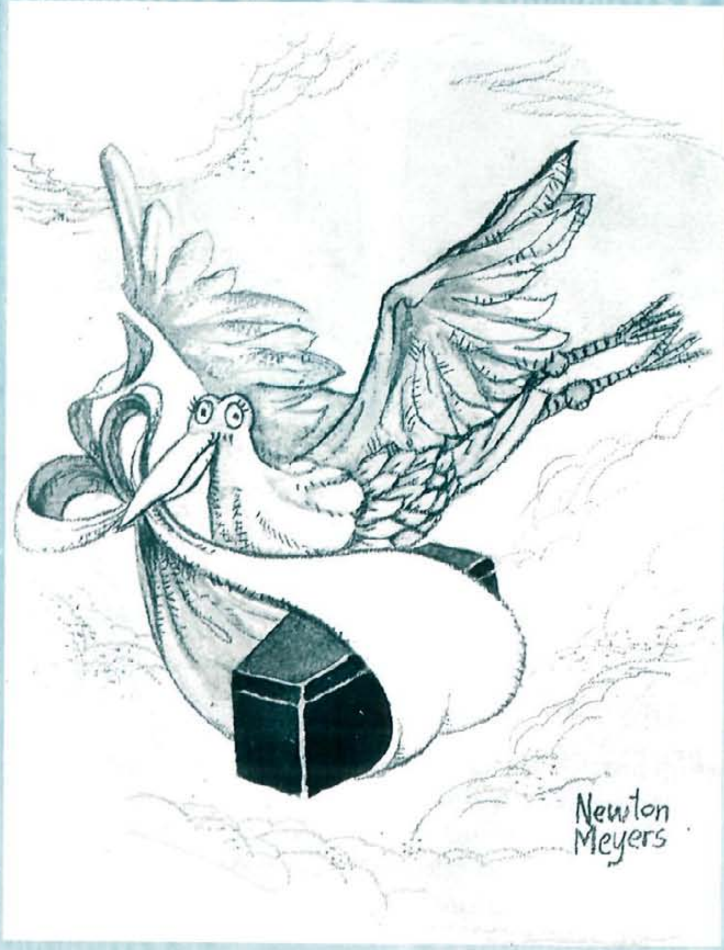
Date: January 5, 1972

Type of Service: Buddhist

Comments: U.S. Air Force give me condolence payment of 80 piastre, enough almost to buy another Baby Book.

Paste Photo of Baby's Grave Here




Newton Meyers


WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
YOU WERE.
JUST NOW WHEN WE WERE MAKING LOVE, YOU MADE FACES...YOU MOANED...YOU SAID, "OH YES, OH BABY, YES I LOVE YOU... YES...YOU'RE IN ME... OH JESUS CHRIST... OH YES..."
IT WAS RIDICULOUS.
YEAH? WELL YOU GOT GOING PRETTY GOOD YOURSELF.
I KNOW, I KNOW, BUT "YOU'RE IN ME"? "OH JESUS CHRIST"? "OH YES"? IT WAS HILARIOUS.
(SOB) IS NOTHING SACRED?

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6. **Paul Goodman dissects the failure of mass higher education in America.** (New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative)
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12. **What happened every Saturday night at Rue de Fleurus . . . the home of Gertrude Stein.** (Art In America)
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6229

The American Indian: Noble Savage or Renaissance Man?

by Anne Beatts

A wealthy Fifth Avenue heiress lunching at Le Grenouille carries a Hopi Snake Dancer's medicine bag instead of a purse.

A popular movie star and a celebrated director collaborate on a film that portrays Custer as a villain—and grosses $14 million.

A twenty-three-year-old Phys Ed major from Northwestern University jumps off a six-hundred-foot cliff in the belief that Yaqui spirits will protect him.

These are welcome gestures. But can they, however sincere they may be, compensate the Indian for all that he has suffered at the hands of the white man? In trying to right the scales of justice, are we not merely indulging ourselves in a romantic myth that does little but perpetuate the concept of the Indian as "noble savage"? Isn't the problem really our stubborn refusal to admit that where the Indian's civilization might have succeeded, ours has failed?

In the days when most Europeans were still claiming that the earth was flat, the "Indians"—the word itself a misnomer caused by the crude navigational ability of Christopher Columbus—possessed a culture of amazing sophistication and complexity. And even as the Huns and Visigoths crushed the splendors of the Roman Empire, so did the brutish Europeans almost succeed in eradicating a society whose finer points they could not comprehend. Yet, despite the ravages of the white men, the Indians—or "painted devils," as the ignorant European immigrants called them—could still give the world a priceless legacy: the hammock, the toboggan, the decoy duck, maple syrup, and buffalo chips.

In the present headlong rush to reexamine the values by which we live, we should be aware that the Indians had anticipated many of our institutions—and perceived their eventual transience—long before we took our first stumbling steps on American soil.

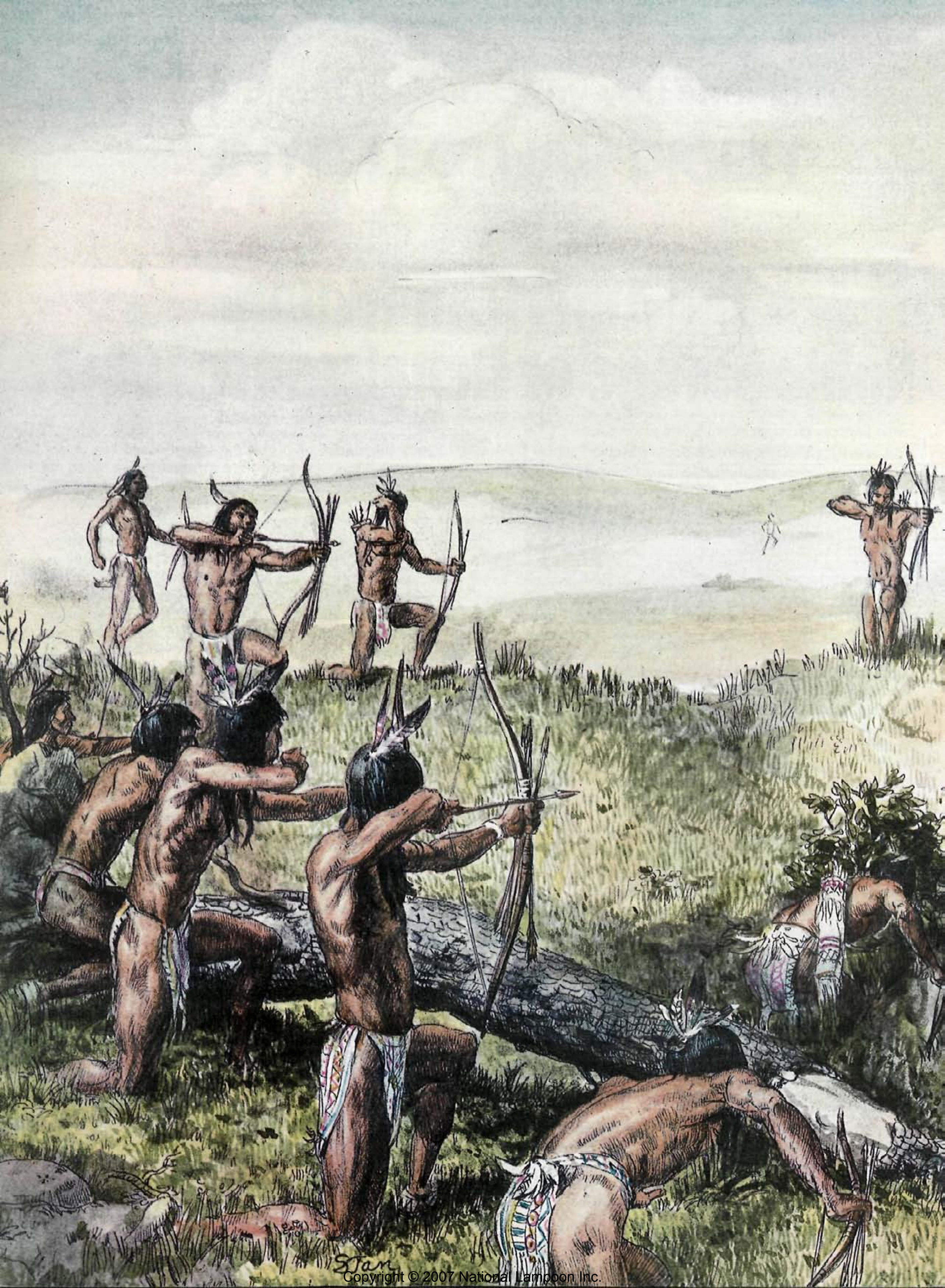


From the midst of our smog-filled cities, our overcrowded ghettos, our strife-torn campuses—we could do worse than to look back at the Indian in his simple loincloth, squatting on the dirt floor of his wigwam, scratching his back with a painstakingly carved deer's antler.

If we feel as he feels, and think as he thinks—then, and only then, can we begin to understand his silence, concealing a deep, instinctive knowledge of life's mysteries. As the Hidatsa proverb so poignantly expresses it, "When the sun goes down, it grows cold." For many weary years, the few remaining Indians have waited in patient expectation of a day when whites would be ready for the sacred trust that the Indians had been instructed to pass on to us. In fact, the Indian greeting "How" is actually the English equivalent, shortened in translation, of an Ojibwa expression meaning "How soon can we tell them?"

So, if we desire to atone for the wrongs of the past, we must take our cue from archeologists who have assembled a new case on behalf of the so-called "noble savage." And we must try to see with new eyes, Indian eyes that look to the far horizon through half-closed lids. Typical of the shortsighted attitude which we must cast off is that question which has haunted every discussion of the great American Indian civilization. It is the question of the skeptic, the modern white so desensitized by the consequences of his own historical "progress" that he cannot see the world in any other context but his own. It is: How can any people be described as civilized when they did not even discover the wheel?

Contained within the answer is the essential secret of the divergence between the Red Man's culture and our own. The Indians discovered the wheel. But, foreseeing the environmental devastation, mechanistic society, and needless suffering that would arise as an inevitable consequence of this discovery, they admired it exclusively for its aesthetic qualities. They chose to wear it as an ornament.





The Red Hunter: Too Humane to Kill

Indians were probably the first conservationists. Indian methods of hunting buffalo aided the process of natural selection, since only the old, tired, and sick animals ran slowly enough for the Indians to catch up with them. In winter, if a starving buffalo found itself separated from the herd and almost buried in a snowdrift, any Indian who happened on it would be quick to put it out of its misery. A favored hunting technique was to stampede the buffalo herd up to the edge of a cliff, leaving it up to each individual buffalo to decide whether or not to jump—further evidence of the Indians' high regard for animal life. The Indians, unwilling to slay any living being, would chase a deer into the water, then follow it in their canoes, hoping it would drown before they could spear it.

Ecology was in his blood

The Indian had no detergents to pollute the waters. At the end of each frugal meal, his wooden bowls were wiped clean with a corn husk. There was no such thing in Indian society as the concept of waste. When an Indian chopped down a tree, he used the whole tree. The Haida Indians of the Northwest Pacific Coast made rope, blankets, towels, socks, diapers, and attractive necklaces out of cedar bark. What they couldn't use, they ate.

Most Indians were Gatherers, which meant that they preferred to gather things which they found in their path rather than wounding the Earth Mother with a plow. When they did reap a harvest, they took pains not to offend the plants by cutting too many of them. The Machapunga Indians of North Carolina would paddle through the wild rice plants and then keep the rice that was in the bottom of the canoe when they got home.

The balance of nature was preserved. Unlike us, the Indian left the land as he found it. Experts have estimated that in order to survive at a subsistence level, the average Indian needed only 33,000 acres of land.

The Indian was always a partner of nature, not a destroyer of it. Even his art was biodegradable: clay pots, easily shattered, returned to the dust. His only paints were vegetable dyes. Many of the finest works of Indian art, executed in wood or bark, have sadly but inevitably been reclaimed by the soil. The bright colors and delicate traceries of the Indian sand paintings, preserved up until 1906 in California, have now completely succumbed to erosion.

Despite the toll of time, the Indian art remaining to us offers up a surprising wealth of riches. Wooden knives, elegant nose ornaments made from the most durable animal parts, ceremonial turtle-shell rattles, clamshell spoons, head-flattening boards—these beautifully decorated utilitarian objects are both functional and attractive, rivaling the best of Bauhaus design. It is hard to believe that such treasures were once dismissed as crude and primitive. Who is to say that Picasso's "Guernica" is a greater work of art than a notched stick with owl feathers hanging from it?





Although Indians have been accused of breaking treaties, breaches occurred only when the Indian women had been left out of the treaty-making process. The whites repeated this blunder again and again, ignoring the fact that most Indian tribes were matriarchal.



The Iroquois practiced a form of therapeutic dream analysis. Dreaming of a fish, for instance, could signify either rejection of the parent or good fishing nearby. Had the first settlers been less intolerant, we might have enjoyed the benefits of psychoanalysis two hundred years before Freud.



The stunning simplicity and artistry of Indian design are readily apparent in this Arapaho fork, with its lovingly polished wooden handle.

They danced and sang for days at a time

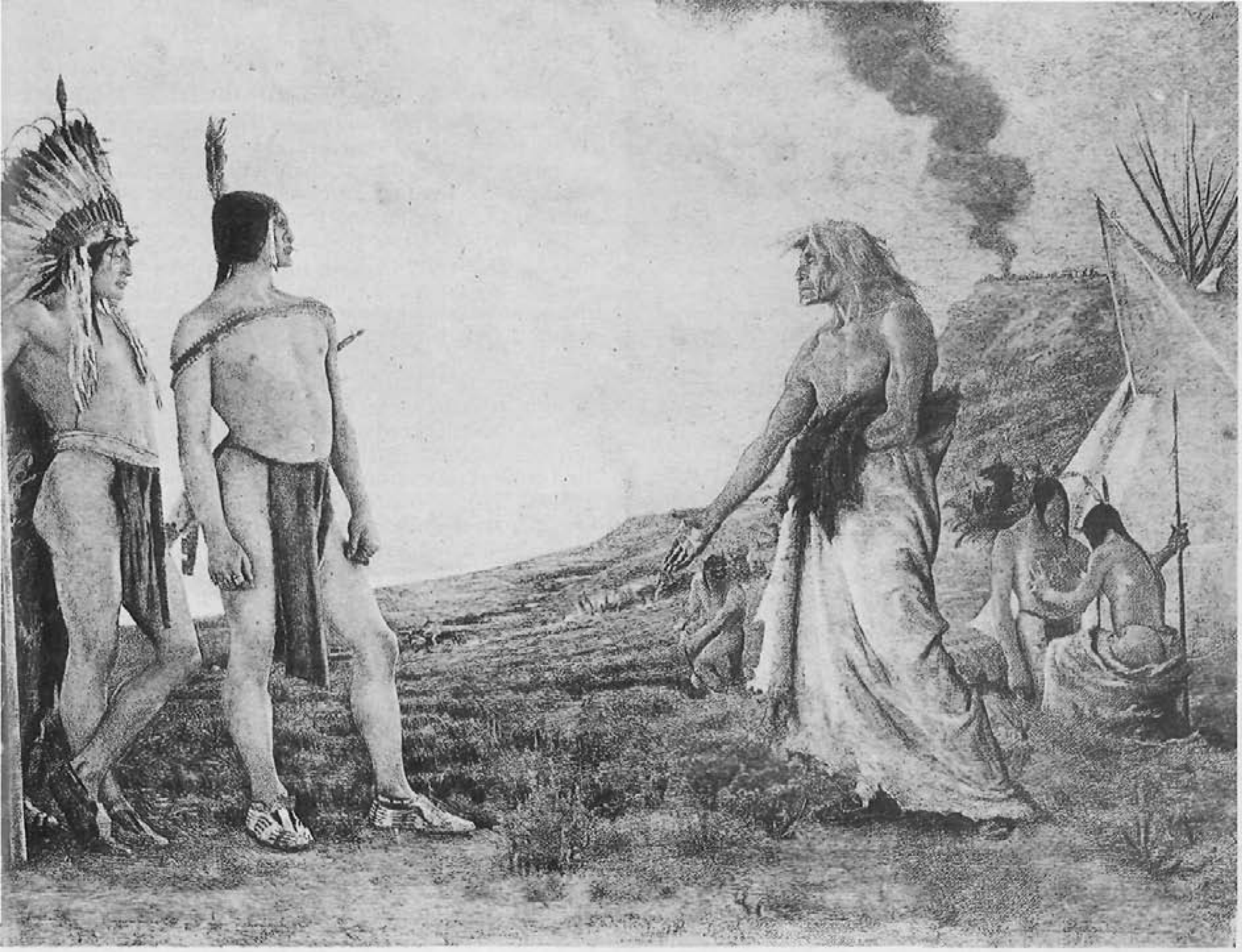
Indian culture is rich, too, in the oral tradition. Indians have always been great storytellers. A typical Indian legend describes how Foolish Beaver climbs up the tent pole and refuses to come down until all the hair is singed off his tail—an imaginative and amusing explanation of why beavers have no hair on their tails to this day.

Indians made many contributions to the field of musical expression. They invented the beat—prior to its discovery by African natives, some musicologists insist. The beat was an important element of all North American Indian music. Lyrics of Indian songs showed a sensitive delineation of character, as in this Mandan chant:

I am going to meet my grandmother,
(Chorus) Go ahead, go ahead.

Indians delighted in chanting songs of this nature for up to four or five hours straight, never faltering, never missing a beat, and never growing bored.

The rhythm of the drums often summoned the Indians to participate in ceremonial dances which required great skill and agility to perform. Best-known of these is the Sun Dance of the Plains Indians, in which dancers rose and fell on their toes in place while blowing eagle-bone whistles and gazing fixedly at the sacred center pole for three days and nights continuously.



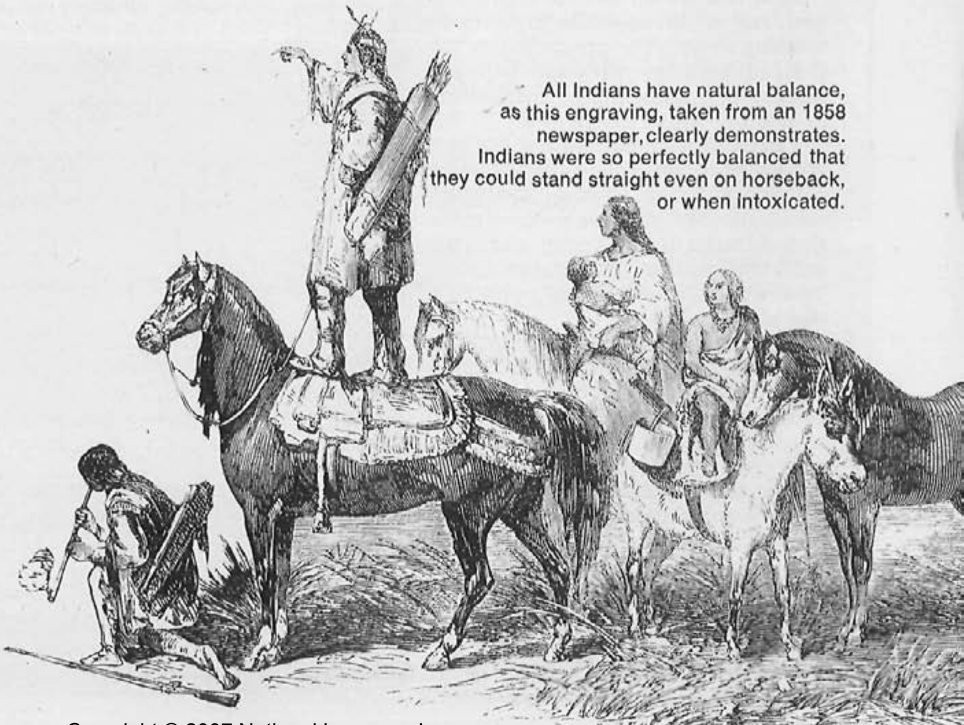
Indian leaders shielded their people from knowledge that would only bring destruction in its wake. Here, a wise man of the Croweaters, importuned by restless braves, refuses to surrender the secret of the Gatling Gun.

Whites wouldn't take "no" for an answer

Of course the culture that gave us words like wampum, succotash, papoose, and skunk could be expected to have an intricate and expressive language. Among themselves, the different tribes spoke some 2,200 distinct languages, with regional variations. Each had its peculiarities, its unique turns of phrase. Our comparative paucity of expression in English is pointed up by the fact that the Ottawa Indians, for example, had twenty-three different ways of saying "dull."

The Choctaw, on the other hand, indicated shades of meaning by pitch. Since the Choctaw word for "no" was only a half-tone different from the Choctaw word for "yes," confusion resulted when whites misinterpreted "no" as a sign of agreement to a treaty. Even when the mistake was found out, unscrupulous, land-hungry whites forced the Indians to hand over half the state of Florida anyway.

Indians from different tribes could communicate by means of sign language. The sign for "discovery," for instance, was riding a horse around in a circle. After that, it was up to the watchers to decide whether the rider had discovered a herd of buffalo, a troop of cavalry, or a stone in the horse's foot.



All Indians have natural balance, as this engraving, taken from an 1858 newspaper, clearly demonstrates. Indians were so perfectly balanced that they could stand straight even on horseback, or when intoxicated.



Some modern Indians still retain a knowledge of their ancient crafts. This photograph shows Ambrose Belt, a member of the Omaha Nest-Builders, whittling himself a house.

Sports-loving Indians were unjustly slandere

Indians were a playful people. They enjoyed a variety o games, such as hand wrestling, kicking contests, and slidin on the ice. They also had a more advanced form of bowling requiring excellent coordination and timing, in which the threw sticks at a stationary rock.

The Indians' love of mischief often got them int trouble. A favorite childish prank in which they indulge was burning down the village of a neighboring tribe. Sinc almost any Indian dwelling could easily be erected agai within a day, little real damage was done. The Indians strange to the white man's ways, seldom realized tha burning down a settler's cabin could be considered any thing more than a practical joke.

The myth concerning scalping arose out of the same sor of misunderstanding. In a few documented cases of "scalp ing," careful reconstruction of events shows that the high spirited Indians, unused to the steel knives they had ob tained from traders, were simply taking playful swipes t see if the fair-haired white men could be wearing wigs. A series of unfortunate accidents started a slander which ha burdened the Indians until this day.

Mystical powers cured the sick

Surviving in the Great Outdoors on a high-protein diet of raw fish, raw meat, and berries kept most Indians i superb physical condition. In order to store food without the use of dangerous preservatives, Indians invented pemmican a mixture of buffalo fat and chokecherries that retained its original savor for as long as ten or fifteen years.

Modern Indians still seem to benefit from the rigorous health regime of their ancestors. One seldom sees an India wearing a hearing aid or glasses. In early times, before their blood had been weakened by contact with the white man few Indians ever employed the services of a doctor. Their own "medicine men" practiced advanced techniques of psy-chosomatic medicine. Until he converted to Christianity, Bull Child, a Crow medicine man, was able to cure typhoid prevent pregnancy, control the weather, and stop bullets in their flight.

Living close to nature gave the Indian a deep understanding of the spiritual forces which surrounded him. He worshipped stones and venerated certain animals, such as the giant condor. Unlike the less philosophically oriente Incas and Aztecs, he had no desire to build ostentatious temples in order to get another 425 feet closer to the sky. The whole of nature was his holy place. This sense of oneness with all things may have given the Indians certain mystica powers. Even today, Indians can still understand the language of the mesas; no one quite knows how, or why. Days i advance, just by putting an ear to the ground, they somehow sense that the welfare check is coming.

We can't turn back the clock

How can we do as extremists suggest, and return as refuse to Europe's teeming shore? The great civilization the Indians once possessed has vanished, and it takes all our imagination to summon up an image of it.

Yet had the Indian way of life prevailed, we might live in an America without pollution, protest, unemployment, inflation, or crime in the streets. Broad tracks would stretch across the unplowed prairies. Tall four-story teepees would lift their tent poles to a sky undisturbed by jets.

A stable system of shell currency would operate in place of the shaky dollar. The Redwoods would not be endangered. The whooping crane would populate the Everglades. The bald eagle and the passenger pigeon would still frolic through the skies. And we would dwell tranquilly in the forest primeval, wearing skins we had cured ourselves, lapping clear water from icy streams, and eating nothing but healthful, organic pemmican, with the spirits of our ancestors regarding us benignly from their burial platforms in the trees above our heads. □

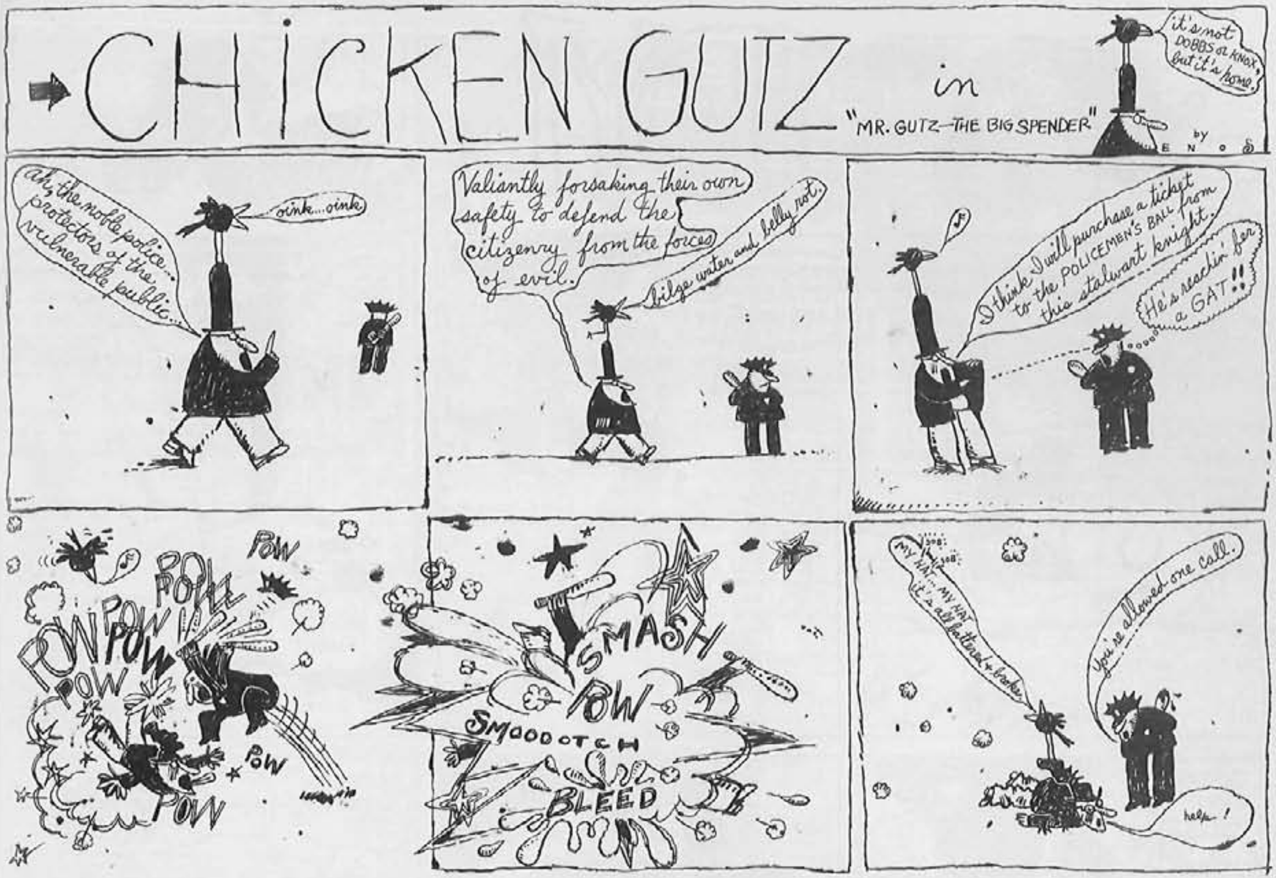
Amidst the gory records of atrocities committed against the Indians by early settlers, it is reassuring to encounter one instance of human compassion. This engraving shows a sympathetic white soldier, obviously repulsed by the brutality of his comrades, in the ac of stabbing himself in the arm to avoid active duty.




FUNNY PAGES
MWKALUTA
NUTS
THOSE OF YOU WHO REMEMBER HOW GREAT IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID, GANG, DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT WAS TO BE A LITTLE KID....
THE POOR THING! YOU SUPPOSE HE'S GOT POLIO?
THEY DON'T GET POLIO ANYMORE. HE'S TRYING TO STAY OUT OF SCHOOL.
GUK!
CHOKE!
UUK!
SAY, MAYBE HE IS SICK!
LET'S CALL THE DOCTOR!
URK
OOOOOOG!
GUK...
KAK! KAK!
KAK! KAK!
YEAH, WELL THE KID DOES HAVE SOMETHING... YOU CALL SMITH'S DRUGSTORE, DON'T CALL ANY OTHER DRUGSTORE, AND BUY WHAT I TELL YOU. DOES IT HURT HERE?
PROD
IS HE GOING TO DIE, DOCTOR?
NO, I DON'T THINK SO-BUT THOSE ARE SOME GERMS HE'S GOT-NEED A LOT OF MEDICINE FROM SMITH'S.
HI-I'M ONE OF YOUR GERMS!
HI-I'M ANOTHER!
WE'RE GOING TO KILL YOU, KID!
Gahan Wilson
NEXT MONTH: "DEATH FEAR!"


CRASH CHRISTIAN
by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE + FRANK SPRINGER
AMERICA'S ACE OF THE AIRWAVES WHO FLIES ON FAITH ALONE!
IN.. "SCRATCH ANOTHER SLANTEYE"
THE TRUMPET OF DOOM SOUNDS DURING A DOGFIGHT OVER PHU LANG THUONG...
UH-OH! I'M OUT OF FUEL!
FURTHERMORE, AS IF THAT WEREN'T ENOUGH...
...AND BULLETS!
WITH TWO MIG 21'S ON HIS TAIL, IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR THE ADORANT AVIATOR...
CRASH PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD...
HEAR ME, OH HEAVENLY FATHER, IN MY HOUR OF NEED! I BESEECH YOU TO STRIKE DOWN THE YELLOW SCUM WHOSE GODLESS IDEOLOGY DE-FILES THE VERY BLOOD SHED BY YOUR BLESSED SON ON THE CROSS IN GALILEE! AMEN...
WITHIN SECONDS...
K-PVOW!
K-PVOW
THANX!
FLY WITH US AGAIN IN OUR NEXT INSPIRING EPISODE—"EAT LEAD, HEATHEN GOOKS!" WHEN CRASH STRAFES A BUDDHIST MONASTERY AND DEFOLIATES A 3000-YEAR-OLD MING TREE!

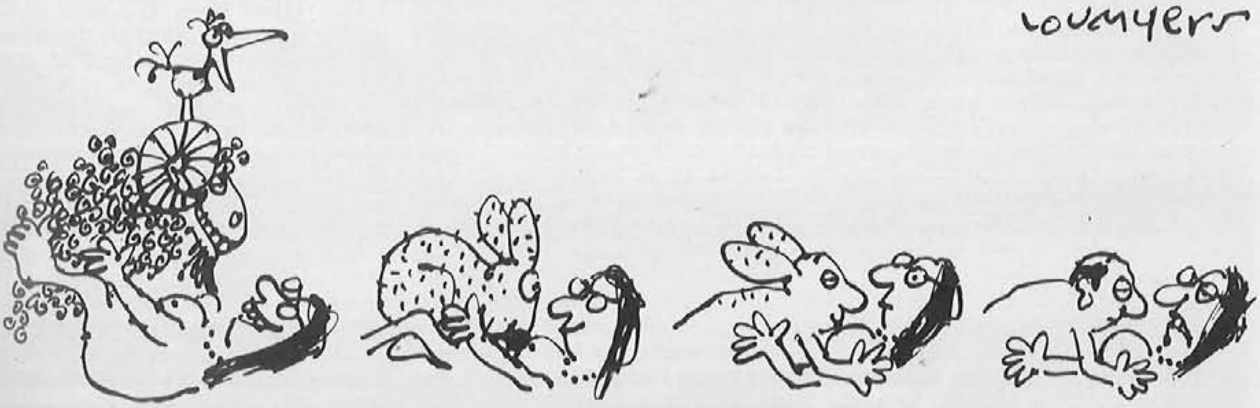

SHAB
HEY MAN, HEY! I CAN PROVE I'M NOT HERE!
NOW GET THIS... IF I'M NOT IN MY CAVE AND I'M NOT UP ON THE MOUNTAIN, THEN I MUST BE SOME-PLACE ELSE, AND IF I'M SOME-PLACE ELSE, THEN I CAN'T BE HERE. RIGHT?
BASH!
TALK IS CHEAP BUT YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH A WELL-BALANCED BUNNY.


CHICKEN GUTZ
in
"MR. GUTZ—THE BIG SPENDER"
it's not DOBBS or KNOX, but it's home.
by E N O S
ah, the noble police... protectors of the vulnerable public...
oink...oink
Valiantly forsaking their own safety to defend the citizenry from the forces of evil.
bilge water and belly rot.
I think I will purchase a ticket to the POLICEMEN'S BALL from this stalwart knight.
He's reachin' for a GAT!!
POW POW POW POW POW POW POW POW
SMASH
POW
SMOOOOTCH
BLEED
MY HAT... MY HAT it's all flattened + broke
You're allowed one call.
help!


DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
WEIRD · REPUGNANT · REVOLTING · UNUSUAL · CALLOUS · DISGUSTING
...LIVER TRANSPLANTS, HEART TRANSPLANTS, BAH, PICAYUNE CRAP! ONLY DR. COLON CAN DO A BRAIN TRANSPLANT! ...SMEGMA, GET THE BRAIN!
YES, MASTER.
IT'S A NICE BRAIN, MASTER. I GOT IT FROM A NICE YOUNG MAN.
...THERE, FINISHED. NOW, SMEGMA. WE WAIT A FEW HOURS UNTIL THE PLASMENOXYLENIUM WEARS OFF....
YES, MASTER
I'LL GET THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR THIS...
EEEEEEEE
WHAT'S THAT?
MASTER! HE'S LOOSE! HE'S IN MADAME'S BEDROOM!
ROSALINDA!
YOU FOOL, SMEGMA, YOU STOLE THE BRAIN OF A QUEER!
rodriguez


IDYL
©J·JONES 1972
HOW MANY APPLES WE GET?
I DON'T KNOW. LOTS.
IT'S GETTING DARK. LET'S STOP HERE AND DIVIDE 'EM UP.
FOOD!
THIS ONE'S FOR ME, AN' THAT ONE'S FOR YOU.
WHAT'S THAT?
THIS ONE'S MINE.
AND THIS ONE'S MINE.
!
IT'S THE **LORD** AND THE **DEVIL** DIVIDING UP SOULS!
THAT ONE'S MINE... THIS ONE'S YOURS.
YOU GOTTA COME SEE!
WHA...?
UP IN THE GRAVEYARD! THE LORD AND THE DEVIL DIVIDING UP SOULS!
AIN'T NO LORD. NO SUCH THING AS THE DEVIL.
THIS ONE'S YOURS AND THIS ONE'S MINE.
THERE, THAT'S IT.
NOW LET'S GO DOWN AND GET THE TWO BY THE BIG TOMBSTONE.


BRAMLEY'S BOARDING HOUSE
PRESENTS
VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
YAWN!
AS WE LOOK IN ON OUR ONLY NON-PAYING TENANT IN HIS CRIB IN THE ATTIC, HE IS JUST WAKING UP. . . .
PLOP!
YAAS...A LUV'LY DAY!
DOUBTLESS, THE TENDERETTES WILL BE OUT TODAY.
A QUICK BREAKFAST...
GOOD DAY, MISS DE BLUES. I'M OFF!
LAWZY! IZE FEEL DEM VICES AGIN!
SPLISH!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
PINCH!
Bertha
AND THEN...
MY GOODNESS! IT'S GLORIA SNOCKERS!
TIME TO GREASE THE ROPE, I CALLS IT!
SLAM!
THE LIBRARY?
WELL, WHY NOT?
HAVE YOU "EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX"?
DUCK HISTORY
OH...MY!
HEH! HEH!
FONDLE!
STROKE!
OH...MY!
HEH! HEH!
SQUEEZE!
POKE!
OH! OOH!
UH...UH! UH!
RUB!
SKWIZ!
SQUISH!
OH!
SLURP!
GOOSH!
WHAM! BAM!
I'LL TAKE IT
?
TA-TA! M'DEAR! I'M OFF FOR SOME LUNCH!
PAT! PAT!
Susan Harris
P. Bramley


loumyers



COMING NEXT MONTH

Crime

"And, what is more, the killer is in this very room!"

The canny detective paused and let his gaze sweep around the parlor, staring briefly but fixedly at each of its occupants in turn, as if he could read upon their foreheads a simple statement of guilt or innocence in inch-high letters: Algernon Sphagnum-Moss, the bored, devil-may-care playboy son of the murdered viscount, threatened twice in as many weeks with disinheritance, who had rendered an aged greenskeeper, standing not two feet from his father, senseless with a vicious slice on the links the very morning of the crime, an event made doubly suspicious considering young Sphagnum-Moss's customary expertise at the game and his accidental substitution prior to the mishap of a No. 6 ball bearing for his Dunlop Maxfli; Abu Ben Singh, the viscount's Kuwaiti houseboy who had been discovered that same afternoon, sitting cross-legged in a dumbwaiter, deep in a hashish funk, sticking cocktail stirrers into a flannel fetish of his master; Vera Comely, the attractive piano-tuner whose engaging impression of Queen Victoria searching for a brooch in a coal scuttle had necessitated plunging the parlor into darkness, thus permitting the murderer—or murderess—ample opportunity to commit his crime with anonymity; Major Roger Boskydell, the respected but eccentric lepidopterist whose predilection for a rapid-fire Mauser over the meshnet and killing-bottle preferred by most enthusiasts as a means of obtaining specimens for their collections raised the possibility that his target was a rather drab viscount instead of his customary monarchs; Lady Sphagnum-Moss—the former Austrian movie star, Tillie Eulenspiegel—who alone possessed the skill required to fashion in flawless needlepoint the extraordinary threatening note, which read "Today you die going to are" and which the doomed viscount had discovered, in place of the usual imitation Aubusson miniature or other favor, in the bottom of a box of his favorite Brittanic Bis-kits; Clotilda Boskydell, the taffy heiress, to whose embarrassment, pain, and, perhaps, murderous hatred, the viscount had made a point of referring to, in a loud voice among company, as "that daughter of a sweetsmongerer" and who had yet to offer a satisfactory explanation for the presence, in the late viscount's spleen, of a pen-and-pencil set bearing her initials; Anthony Curdle, the young, personable bootblack for whom Vera Comely held a rather brightly blazing torch and to whose considerable benefit the viscount had altered his will not two hours before his untimely demise; and last, but by no means least, Shingles, the butler, whose long and loyal service at Hamster Hall would seem to raise him far above suspicion save for the twin odd occurrences of his having been observed at The Pigeon and Buoy in an intimate game of paper-scissors-rock with Frank "the Prong," the bane of Blackpool, and his having been overheard to mutter on several occasions that it would be "no skin off my nose if the guv'nor shuffled off to Bognor in a basket."

And, of course, absent but still very much a part of the company, the Fifteenth Viscount Sphagnum-Moss, from various parts of whose anatomy had been removed and catalogued a number of curious items, including the aforementioned monogrammed writing instruments, a kris, two knitting needles, a shoe tree, a tuning fork, a trivet, four 9-mm hollowpoint slugs, and a five-iron, buried up to the grips.

The room, silent with shock during the renowned detective's startling declaration, suddenly exploded into sound.

"But, surely, Inspector," protested Major Boskydell, whose parade-ground tones rang out above the din, "you don't suggest that one of us, what I mean to say, that there is a murderer . . ."

"Exactly," countered the noted sleuth, "and I intend to discover his identity right now. Braskley," he said, addressing the young constable whose normally taciturn face reflected the drama of the moment, "bring in the parakeet, the custard tins, and the four pounds of camphor!"

"I think," he continued, "while we are waiting, it might prove useful to review the evidence":

Laughing All the Way to the Bank/Don't waste that precious time in front of a bank's closed-circuit TV cameras—it could be the big break you've been waiting for!

The Anti-Imperialist Dr. Fu Manchu/What common thread runs through the assassination of an American President, the run on the dollar, the sinking of the *Thresher*, the admission of Red China to the U.N., and a mysterious plane crash in Outer Mongolia?

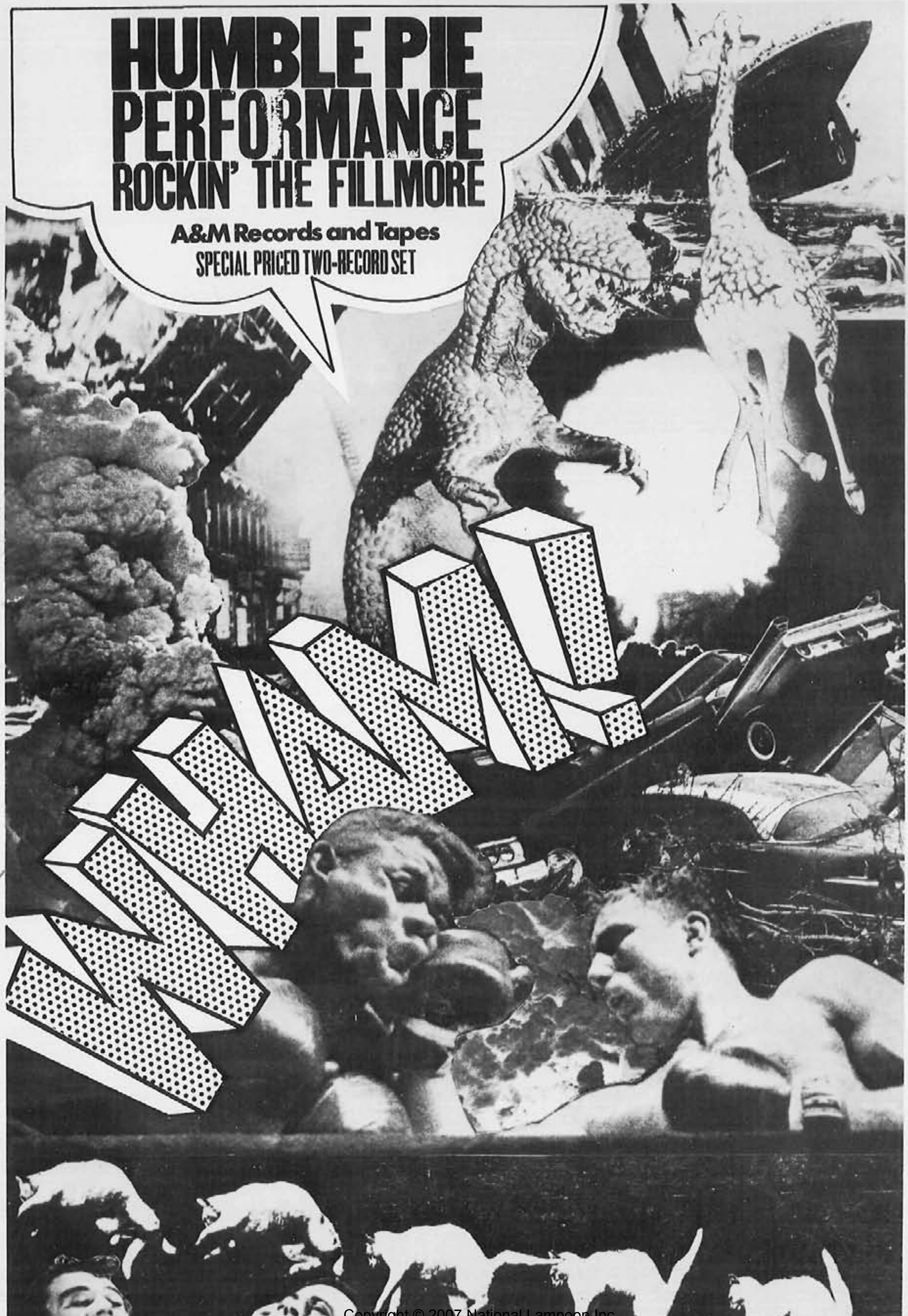
The Big Recall/A faulty steering column, a funny-looking frankfurter, and a beautiful blonde spell trouble for Ralph Nader, D.C.'s most famous detective.

I Dug Three Bags/The story of the daring agent who lived in the lethal, narcotic-filled no-man's-land of three identities: drummer in a rock band, card-carrying peacenik, and undercover agent for the FBI.

The Loquacious Rapist/The spine-tingling tale of the talkative fiend who terrorized an entire city.

The Birdman of Attica/A story title certain to play a large part in The Case of the Article That Never Appeared.

Stash/The up-to-date parlor game that lets you play the part of Chico, the Big Fellow, or the cop on the take in an exciting hunt for 114 kilos of uncut heroin. □


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